The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1936 NUMBER 1111

Contents

The Week 149

Editorials

Does Hitler Mean Peace?..... 152
Taxing Corporate Surplus..... 153
A Strike in Vermont..... 155

General Articles

In Time of Peace Prepare for Peace.....
.....Charles A. Beard 156
Candidate Knox: Editor and Soldier.....
.....Harry Thornton Moore 159
Erosion: The Nemesis of Soil.....Harold Ward 161
Al Smith's Bunion Derby.....Felix Ray 163
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 164
Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn 165
Something Attempted, Also Done....Otis Ferguson 166
A Communication.....Lawrence Brown 166

Correspondence 167

Darlings, As It Were.....Stark Young 168

Books in Review

The Making of an Englishman...Malcolm Cowley 169
Map of a New World.....George Soule 170
Yea-Sayer.....T. S. Matthews 172
Felicitous.....Robert Morss Lovett 173
The Missionary's Wife.....Martha Gruening 174
Model for History.....Eugene N. Anderson 175
Books in Brief..... 175

The Week

AFTER passing through one of the most tumultuous weeks in post-war history, Europe seemed to be settling down to diplomatic negotiations, with small danger of any immediate outbreak of hostilities. Fireworks began with Great Britain's talk of a forty-eight-hour ultimatum to Mussolini to make a peace acceptable to the League, or else prepare to face oil sanctions. Under French pressure, this talk was softened by the granting of a week's delay in which to sound out Italy and Ethiopia, and Britain was stopped short by France's demand for a definite assurance of military aid in case of German aggression, as a price for French support of further sanctions against Italy. In this atmosphere of tenseness and uncertainty, the British Cabinet released its White Paper outlining a huge program of immediate rearmament, and Hitler summoned a special convocation of the Reichstag to meet on Saturday. Before that body he made a dramatic announcement of his violation of the Locarno Treaty and in its stead offered to sign twenty-five-year non-aggression pacts with the nations of Western Europe. Even as he spoke, German troops were marching into the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland for the first time since 1919. France hastily countered with a heavy movement of troops into her chain of frontier fortifications and summoned the Locarno signatory powers to meet on Tuesday. From them France demanded immediate sanctions against Germany, but was blocked by the British attitude favoring consideration of Hitler's peace proposals. Action was postponed until the meeting of the League Council on Friday. Meanwhile Italy and Ethiopia had accepted in principle the League's request to open peace negotiations, and with his armies advancing in Africa and with the turmoil in Europe, Mussolini was placed in an extremely advantageous bargaining position.

APART from the rapid-fire events in Europe and Africa, the world watched with interest the efforts of Koki Hirota to form a new Cabinet in Japan. The four highest ranking generals in the army, including the fiery expansionist, Sadao Araki, resigned from active duty and their resignations, somewhat unexpectedly, were accepted by the Emperor. This mass resignation was interpreted as the army's penance for the recent uprising and an indication of how seriously the army regards the assassinations and bloodshed provoked by a group of "patriotic" young officers of the First Division. In return for so sweeping a sacrifice, the army expected that whatever incoming Cabinet might be formed would take increased cognizance of the army's demand for a "strong" governmental policy. Koki Hirota was formerly Foreign Minister and is regarded as a moderate liberal. Completion of his Cabinet was delayed several days because General Juichi Terauchi and Admiral Osami Nagano, who were selected for the key posts of Minister of War and Minister of Navy, demurred until they received from Premier Hirota satisfactory assurances that the policies of the incoming government would be acceptable to the military faction. While these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cow gave to Roy W. Howard the first interview he has permitted to be published in two years. In this talk Stalin said directly that if Japan attacked Outer Mongolia, the Soviet Union would defend the territorial integrity of that country.

IN DOMESTIC affairs, American interest was chiefly concentrated upon President Roosevelt's outline of his new tax policy. Surprise was a prime element in the plan, as the President proposed to repeal all existing taxes on corporations and substitute a blanket tax of 33 1/3 percent on undivided profits. Coupled with this was a suggestion for a high tax on "windfall income" received by processors who had not paid, or who received refunds on, A.A.A. taxes, along with continued processing and excise taxes on certain agricultural products. The estimated yield of these proposals was $1,137,000,000, which was thought to be enough to balance the ordinary budget. The Senate committee investigating lobbying activities stirred up a heated controversy when it sought to subpoena from telegraph companies copies of telegrams sent by public-utility companies and law firms that were under investigation. A temporary restraining order was obtained in District of Columbia courts by the legal firm of Winston, Strawn and Shaw, and the order will be argued this week. Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party in America, spoke over a nationwide hookup of the Columbia Broadcasting System on Thursday night, marking the first time an official Communist had ever been heard on a national network. Browder urged the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party. The next night he was followed by a speech at the same time over the same network by Representative Hamilton Fish, who launched a typical Fish tirade against all Reds, including those arch-revolutionaries, the New Dealers in Washington.

IT IS often argued in favor of the Roosevelt administration that while its actions have not as yet resulted in much improvement in the conditions of life for the great masses of the people, there has been a sharp change in the climate of opinion; that the country as a whole has moved to the left and that this will presently make possible drastic alterations heretofore out of the question. It is interesting to look at New York strike of building-service employees with this allegation in mind. It is certainly true that many tenants were on the side of the strikers. Some of them refused to ride in elevators operated by strikebreakers; others met and passed resolutions demanding that the owners yield; in some cases they refused to pay rent until the strike was settled. On the other hand, more tenants opposed the strikers; some of them acted as strikebreakers, a few wearing tin helmets and carrying shotguns. Not much public sentiment was recorded against the hiring of scabs who were, according to reliable report, men of unsavory records. Several gentlemen never lift a finger when the civil liberties of strike be broken, returning to the old familiar argument that workers in "essential industries" must not strike, though neither these papers nor anyone else has ever attempted to guarantee decent wages and conditions to those whom they would thus condemn to semi-slavery. As for the real-estate men, they continually found shifty excuses to avoid successful negotiation and reject arbitration, proposed by the mayor and accepted by the union. Walter Gordon Merritt, their counsel, is, on the record, a man who talks loudly about the rights of the public, but whose business is not to settle strikes promptly and fairly, but to smash unions. The N.R.A., including Section 7a, the Wagner Act and all the propaganda of the past three years, has not made even the slightest impression on these gentry.

EMPLOYMENT and earnings in manufacturing industry were lower in January than in December, according to all reliable indices, including the National Industrial Conference Board, an employers' organization. There is no sign that the expected seasonal upturn will be sharp enough to reduce much the total of 11,000,000 or more unemployed. Meanwhile the very forces whose failure to manage industry with social success causes unemployment are increasing their pressure on the government to balance the budget by reducing relief expenditures rather than by increasing taxes. The official organizations of social workers have reported that relief is already sadly inadequate. Nevertheless the administration is spinelessly yielding to the reactionaries in this matter, and has ordered drastic cuts in W.P.A. rolls. There are signs that Congress may not appropriate for relief even as much as the President will ask for. In New York, these cuts are to be administered by Victor F. Ridder, notorious for his anti-labor tendencies, who is officially stimulating the organization of "patriotic" unions of W.P.A. employees to purge the ranks of radicals. In many other cities the administrators are political appointees of the worst stripe. To those who occasionally write us that we ought to give unqualified support to Mr. Roosevelt as a great liberal, we put the question: Are you not judging him by his words rather than by his acts?

THE Senate committee which investigated the lobbying against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill in the last session of Congress dug up a lot of unsavory material, including thousands of faked signatures on telegrams of protest. In resuming its work this winter, it has uncovered the destruction of files and met the resistance of organizations like the Liberty League, reactionary law firms and others against revealing their private telegrams and letters. The anti-administration crowd have learned by experience, and this time are taking the offensive by shouting about invasion of their legal immunity from arbitrary search and seizure. Although these gen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our support in scrupulous preservation of their constitutional rights. At the same time we are interested in the sources and methods of their propaganda, and we believe we are justified in assuming that their reluctance to have their records examined is a confession that they have been using dirty if not illegal tactics.

THE Columbia Broadcasting System is hereby patted on the back for its courage in giving Earl Browder a quarter of an hour on its national network to state the case of the Communist Party. Such is the atmosphere of intolerance in this country today that it required real backbone to give a Communist a hearing. The Hearst press flew into its usual hysterics over the affair, publishing masses of denunciatory material, half of which, in all human probability, was written by men who are much closer to agreeing, personally, with Mr. Browder than Mr. Hearst. A group of arch-conservatives who believe in free speech only for their own side and are thereby doing their best to make "it happen here" offered a gorgeous spectacle by solemnly picketing the C.B.S. headquarters on the evening of the broadcast, and the Yankee Network, a New England chain of stations affiliated with the system, showed its sense of public responsibility and educational usefulness by substituting for Mr. Browder a quarter-hour of jazz. The hullabaloo raised by the objectors may have created an impression that theirs was the country's typical reaction. If so, a few facts on this point may be of value. Contrary to general rumor, there was no effort by advertisers to stop the broadcast. Fourteen hundred letters and telegrams were received by the Columbia System, and they were in favor of giving Mr. Browder his say, by twelve to one. Papers all over the country printed fair and comprehensive summaries of his speech. Many journals commented editorially, and so far as is known, all of these approved the action of the C.B.S. except the Hearst press. Half a dozen members of Congress mentioned the affair in speeches, nearly all of them with approval. Evidently there are still a lot of people in America who believe in our old tradition of free speech even for people with whom you disagree. That is certainly a piece of Good News, hereby duly recorded as such.

THE long battle to do something by legislation to prevent extreme exploitation in industry has met another setback in the four-to-three decision by the Court of Appeals in New York State declaring the minimum-wage law unconstitutional. Similar statutes exist in six other states—Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, New Hampshire and Connecticut—and if their courts follow the reasoning of the highest judicial body in New York, which cites the Supreme Court's decision of 1923 invalidating the District of Columbia's law, there will be no public power to protect even women and children in sweated industries. Operation of the New York law since its passage in 1933 has succeeded in raising the average weekly earnings of laundry workers only, and those from $10.41 to $13.17. The hotels and restaurants, which were next in line, are responsible for the fight against the law. If evolution toward a decently socialized society continues to be this slow, our cities will be being dug up by archeologists before the most elementary reforms are realized.

GERMAN scholarship, once hailed the world over for its thoroughness and brilliance, has passed into a twilight phase. Since the Nazis came to power in 1933, the number of students enrolled in the universities of the Reich has fallen from 100,000 to 55,000. Universities are regarded as training grounds or filling stations for Nazi doctrines, and professors who refuse to be "coördinated" are dismissed. Some 1,500 of the country's finest minds already have been banished in this fashion. Most discouraging of all is the way the poison has infected some of the genuinely front-rank men in German science. Surely bottom has been reached in the spectacle, reported in current newspapers, of Professors Philipp Lenard and Johannes Stark, both former winners of the Nobel Prize in physics, leading a fight against the Einstein theories on the ground that these constitute a false or Jewish physics, as opposed to the true German physics. It is against such a background as this that the University of Heidelberg, once the justly honored citadel of all that was best in German scholarship, now asks selected institutions throughout the world to participate in the celebration of its five hundred and fiftieth anniversary, scheduled for the coming summer. In England, Cambridge University and the University of Birmingham declined so forcibly that all British invitations were recalled. In America, Harvard University has just joined Columbia, Michigan, Western Reserve, Vassar, Cornell and Amherst in accepting. In view of Heidelberg's dismissal of forty professors for racial and political reasons, and in view of the Nazis' evident intention to use this celebration as a sounding board for Nazi propaganda, it seems to us that American universities should develop sufficient spine to stand up for

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do with a government and a doctrine whose eventual purpose would destroy civilization itself.

THE present European situation has raised grave doubt as to whether the summer Olympic Games will be held, and still graver doubt as to whether they ought to be held. European reports indicate that France and the Little Entente may withdraw and there is a noticeable cooling of English enthusiasm. Even if there is no crisis, before summer, of a sort to make the Games entirely impossible, the international atmosphere will be such as to make an "incident," with disastrous consequences, extremely likely. The results of the recent Winter Games have confirmed the predictions made in advance in the columns of The New Republic and in many other places. Whatever the rest of the world may have thought about them, the German government unquestionably considered the Games both as demonstrating international approval of the present regime and as a heaven-sent opportunity for making propaganda. All the old arguments against American participation hold good, and there are now new ones of compelling urgency. We believe all plans for entering teams from the United States in the coming contests should be canceled forthwith.

THE report of the Commission of Enquiry into the disturbances in the northern Rhodesian copper belt has recently been laid before the British Parliament. Last May native police killed six and wounded twenty-two African copper workers who had gone on strike. The cause of the strike was the sudden announcement that the miners' poll tax was to be raised retrospectively from 12s. 6d. to 15s. The Watch Tower Movement, a religious-anarchic organization of American origin, was held partly responsible for the strike. The police seem to have lost their balance when confronted by the unusual spectacle of miners at rest during working hours, and charged the men, who in self-defense took to stone-throwing, and the shooting resulted. Although the strike was accompanied by the usual pandemonium of imperialism with troops arriving by airplane, etc., the occurrence itself was soon over. But the strike was notable as being the first in the internationally important Rhodesian copper belt, and there was evidence of concerted action among miners of different districts. The Commission also believes that prospects of further industrial disputes in the copper belt are increasing, and makes recommendations about greater protection, which Parliament will doubtless carry out. The average monthly wage of an African miner is 23s. 6d. One of the companies concerned in the dispute has made profits of nearly a million pounds in the last two years. The mine authorities are somewhat opposed to educating African workers.

THE first article of Edmund Wilson's series on the Soviet Union, announced for this issue, will

Does Hitler Mean Peace?

HITLER'S speech of last Saturday and the simultaneous movement of German troops into the demilitarized zone along the Rhine sent a shudder around the world. Was this, then, the immediate preliminary to that general European war that has been so long and so universally feared? Many an American newspaper reader must have felt his heart sink as he saw the radioed pictures of French and German troops moving up to confront one another across the border.

It is possible, certainly, that some accidental brush between soldiers may prove to be the match dropped into the gasoline tank; but there are some reasons for hoping that the crisis will at least be postponed. First of these is the fact that the German action had been expected and was therefore discounted, at least to some extent. Everyone knew that this would be the next in the series of steps by which Germany is gradually tearing up all the repressive sections of the Treaty of Versailles, of which the first two were the withdrawal from the League and the announcement of complete rearmament. In the second place, military opinion is that Hitler is not yet ready for war, either in the West or the East. Nineteen thirty-eight is the year of danger, according to the experts. Again, the present evidence is that France intends to act through the League, which inevitably means delay. Even before this is done, diplomatic conversations must go on among Paris, London, Rome and other capitals. France, having been persuaded by Britain to accept sanctions against Italy—however, half-heartedly and belatedly—must now seek to persuade a reluctant British government to accept them against Germany. She will certainly not be satisfied by the British promise to live up to the Locarno Pact and defend France and Belgium against overt German attack. The process of liquidating the Italo-Ethiopian affair must be hastened to clear the decks for the new emergency; Mussolini is now in an enormously strengthened position, knows it, and will undoubtedly drive a harder bargain than he had expected he would be able to do. All these complications make for delay, and delay, at the moment, is on the side of immediate peace.

Why did Hitler select March 7 to send his troops into the Rhineland and tear up the Locarno Treaty? The first reason, of course, was the Franco-Russian treaty, which has been ratified by the French Chamber. The second, no doubt, was the expectation that the People's Front, strongly anti-Nazi and pro-Russian, will win the general French election in May. The third was the belief that the Ethiopian war was likely to be settled soon, and that Germany's opportunity to take advantage of the British-French preoccupation with that affair was rapidly disappearing. A fourth compelling reason was, beyond doubt, internal dissension and the desperate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative group were in despair over the outlook; the radical wing of the Nazi Party was growing increasingly restive.

With the text of Hitler's speech it is not necessary to deal in detail. Much of what he said about common responsibility of the Powers for the War, and about the shocking injustice of the peace terms, is perfectly true; The New Republic has for years believed that no peace founded on the series of injustices written into the treaties of 1919 can endure. The questions are, How can these injustices be redressed without bringing on another catastrophe? And is Hitler using these injustices only as an excuse for a policy that goes just as far wrong in the opposite direction? It is true that England and France failed for many years to rectify matters while they still had the opportunity to do so; but it is also true that there is danger in concessions made now to an irresponsible jingo like Hitler, who would not accept them as a basis for a new era of friendliness but as a justification of the policy of the mailed fist and a reason for using it even more completely. Certainly, he did not help his case, in the eyes of neutral opinion, by his tone of peevish complaint; nor by the muddy thinking and bombast exhibited throughout the speech.

Were his proposals for a new demilitarized zone, on both sides of the frontier, and for a new twenty-five-year peace pact in Western Europe, intended to be taken seriously? We believe, considering his mentality, that they probably were. Hitler is just the sort of person who could not understand the incongruity of tearing up one treaty and at the same moment offering another, of sending troops to the Rhine and simultaneously proposing a renewal of the demilitarized zone. The same offer, made by a man of good will to Frenchmen who were also men of good will, might have been the basis of a peace that would last for years. As it is, the offer seems destined to be swept aside as made in bad faith and received with suspicion by a country—France—that never since the end of the War has had any other policy toward Germany than one of keeping her crushed and prostrate to the last possible degree.

The test of German good faith is found, not in what Hitler proposed but in what he failed to propose. Although he offered to keep peace in the West, there was not a word in his speech to indicate that he means to keep it in the East. On the contrary, his references to Soviet Russia were full of unreasoning, hysterical hatred. A new Locarno such as Hitler proposes, mainly confined to Western Europe, would be no guarantor of peace. He offers friendship to Lithuania, and a peace compact with Poland already exists; but the real danger points are Czechoslovakia, with its large German population, and most of all, Soviet Russia. Either a new peace proposal must cover the whole continent or else it would be—what Hitler is suspected of wanting—a mere breathing space during which rearmament may be completed, a device to protect the front. Soviet Russia has tried repeatedly and earnestly to engineer such a general compact; the fact that the Nazis have always rejected it shows their protestations of pacifism are just words in the wind—the wind on which the Valkyries ride.

The dreadful fact about Europe today is that peace is almost impossible no matter what the existing governments may want to do. They are the victims of their own past, during which they have built up hostile attitudes and policies that simply cannot be obliterated quickly, even given the will. During that past, it is doubtful whether any government has ever wanted peace as much as five percent—*i.e.*, has been willing to give up as much as five percent of the national policies that make for war. What European country in the past seventeen years has renounced any national attitude or advantage, real or imaginary, of more than that degree of importance, in the interest of the general amity? Italy under Mussolini wants expansion to the greatest possible degree and will fight to get it. So will Germany under Hitler. France—at least until the People's Front comes into power—wants to keep what she gained, or thought she did, in 1919. Britain, with a quarter of the globe under her control, wants to keep as much of it as she can as long as she can. These are the policies that are pushing the powers into conflict. Until they are halted, no other policies, no piling of treaty on treaty until they match the Tower of Babel, can do anything to end the remorseless march toward war.

Taxing Corporate Surplus

THE EXCISE levies proposed by the administration to take the place of the A.A.A. processing taxes were not unexpected, and the "windfall" tax to recover the impounded funds, returned to the processors by decision of the Supreme Court, had been foreseen. These form at least no increase in the preëxisting burden. But the new and interesting feature of the program is the proposal for a tax on additions to corporate surpluses. This is thought by many commentators to be merely an ingenious way of escaping the wrath that would follow an increase of income-tax rates in an election year. For it taxes corporations, relatively few in number, rather than individuals; while doing so it actually removes the existing tax on corporate net income; and it seems even to promise the distribution of larger dividends to stockholders. We have reason to believe, however, that it had been carefully considered by administration economists and was urged for other reasons long before the existing political dilemma. What would be its effects?

At present, there is a tax on corporate net income, low as compared with surtax rates on the larger personal incomes, and not steeply graduated. The graduation is according to percentage of return

LICENSED TO PRINCETON
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corporations will not try to keep their percentage of return artificially low by exaggerating the value of their capital. Finally, since corporate profits are thus taxed at the source, there is an exemption of dividends in personal income taxes—an exemption that applies only to the normal rate, not to surtaxes. The proposal is now to abolish all these complex provisions—the tax on corporate net income, the capital tax, and the exemption for dividends, and instead merely to levy a relatively high rate on additions to corporate surplus from undistributed profits.

The Yield of the Tax.—Dependable calculations concerning its yield are impossible without more knowledge of the facts and the phrasing of the law than are now available. The Treasury estimates that a rate of 33 1-3 percent would yield $620,000,000 more than the present corporation taxes. One thing is obvious, however: it would be more difficult to evade than the present taxes.

Under the old law there is always a temptation for controlling stockholders to reduce surtaxes on their personal incomes by keeping profits undistributed in corporate surpluses; this motive is particularly effectual when they hope for a future reduction of rates. Under the proposed law, corporate decisions would have much less effect on tax yield. If the corporations built up surplus as before, the new tax would probably collect increased yield from profits, provided that the rate on additions to surplus were sufficiently higher than the old rate on total net earnings. If, instead, the corporations distributed more as dividends, more would be collected from personal income taxes.

How much more, would depend on the distribution of income among the stockholders. Small stockholders, who have to pay little or no income tax, probably receive only a tiny share of dividends. Certainly, at least in prosperous times, dividends occupy a leading place in the income of those in the higher brackets. Under this legislation, then, the government would collect a larger share of profits than before, whether corporations hoarded them or paid them out.

The Effect on New Investment.—American corporations in the past have made much of their investment in new plant and equipment out of undistributed profits; saving has been largely corporate rather than personal. Would not this new tax, by discouraging corporate saving, limit new investment? Some who expect this result deplore it, on the ground that in bad times it would hit the capital-goods industries, in which unemployment is most severe, and in good times it would cramp the expansion of productive capacity, on which an enlargement of the national income depends. Others welcome it, on the ground that overinvestment has been an evil: what is needed is wider distribution of purchasing power rather than reinvestment of profits. In depression, it is argued, corporations power expands, and in prosperity corporations invest too much, relative to the ability of consumers to buy goods. Or, if they don't do that, they lend their surplus funds for speculation, as in 1929.

We believe both groups exaggerate the possible effects of the tax. Profits wholly distributed in dividends would in large part be quickly invested again by their recipients if good investment opportunities were present, since the bulk of them go to the rich. If good investment opportunities were not present, they would not be invested in industry in any case. To enlarge dividends at the expense of surpluses would have little appreciable effect on the distribution of the national income, since stockholders are not numerous enough in comparison with the total of income receivers.

There would, however, be minor results. Profits distributed before reinvestment would be diminished by the amount of taxation. They would pass through the machinery of the financial markets. This would somewhat delay the process; it would open an opportunity for the operation of whatever control and publicity is exercised by the S.E.C.; it would give more power of choice to the individual investor. Whether he would use it very differently is a question. Would he not, in 1929 for instance, have speculated with his extra cash?

The Growth of Small Concerns.—Use of undistributed profits for expansion has been the practice of small and medium-sized corporations, even more than of large ones. This is the way, for instance, that the Ford Motor Company grew. Would the tax discourage growth of industrial newcomers? There is no reason in the world why the few stockholders in such a case should not receive their dividends and immediately reinvest them in new stock of their enterprise. The only difference would be that they would have to pay larger taxes than at present. But why shouldn't they?

Backlog Against Depressions.—The most prominent argument against the plan is that, by preventing the growth of surpluses, it would deprive corporations of the reserves that enable them to ride through depressions. This, in our opinion, is a very strong argument *in favor* of the plan. What does a corporation with a big surplus do when depression comes? It knows it can pay interest and perhaps dividends for some time to come, even if it operates at a loss or shuts down. It therefore sits back comfortably to ride out the depression. It lays off men, ceases ordering materials, but *does not reduce prices.* It thus spreads the depression, makes it more intense and lays its burden on the unemployed and the weaker producers of materials such as farmers, while it continues to sustain those who live on interest and dividends. In the end this makes the depression worse for everyone.

What does a corporation without a big surplus do when depression comes? It gets busy, reduces

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

product. If it cannot get by, it is forced to deflate its capital structure by reorganization or bankruptcy. The effect of its behavior is to sustain production, moderate the effects of the depression and bring a more prompt readjustment.

If reserves are to be laid aside to relieve depression, they should be for the benefit of the unemployed, not for the benefit of stock and bondholders. The law need not be framed in such a way as to prevent the building up of reserves for amortization of capital issues or for a proper amount of depreciation and obsolescence. But "cushions" for those who already have the softest seats in our society are anti-social. If capitalism is to continue, a tax that discouraged large corporate surpluses might add immensely to a needed flexibility of the system. More prompt readjustment would decrease the amplitude of fluctuation. One reason why this depression was so much more severe than earlier ones is probably the immense powers of resistance to deflation developed by great aggregations of capital.

A Strike in Vermont

WHEN THE public comes out in active support of a strike, that's news. During the strike of the building-service employees in New York City members of the Knickerbocker Village Tenants' Association actually joined the picket lines, while in other parts of the city tenants refused to ride in elevators manned by scab operators and many tenants withheld the rent from landlords until they signed an agreement with the striking workers.

Now comes the news of college students, both men and women, organizing relief committees and going directly to the aid of marble workers who are on strike in Vermont. The setting of this particular strike is one of the most dramatic in American labor history. Many of the workers come from native American pre-Revolutionary stock, and no shopworn charge of "foreign agitators" can be thrown at them. They are a sinewy, taciturn race, accustomed for generations to wresting a hard living from stony soil. They are slow to anger, but last October they reached the limit of their endurance. Almost spontaneously, with practically no organization or advance preparation, the strike began. The men simply left their jobs and walked out into a field.

Some had been making an average of $5 to $7 per week. They were expected to support themselves and raise families on this pittance. They had attempted to join an A.F. of L. union and their employers had immediately tried to herd them into a company union. Many workers who stood out for an A.F. of L. union somehow found themselves discharged. At a wage scale of 37½ cents an hour, the most that [illegible] were quartered in company houses, and after deductions of company rent, water and electricity, pay checks of 20 cents, 15 cents and even 2 cents were not unknown.

They struck. They asked for a 25-percent wage increase and recognition of the International Quarry Workers' Union. They found themselves pitted against one of the most powerfully entrenched industries in the country. The Vermont Marble Company, owned by the Proctor family, is a dominant factor in both the political and commercial life of the region around Danby, West Rutland and Proctor, Vermont. Armed deputy sheriffs were hired (at $4 per day, plus $2 expenses) to overawe the workers, relief benefits were withheld from strikers in many cases, and now, after a winter of most desperate poverty, the strikers are facing eviction from their homes on April 1. They have picketed the frozen hills in Arctic weather, their sick children or wives have gone without drugs or medical attention (there is no free hospital in their region); there are holes in their shoes; they seldom eat meat. Washington's army at Valley Forge was no more heroic.

At Dartmouth College a committee consisting of the chaplain, Dr. Roy B. Chamberlin, Mrs. Alice Carrick Skinner, the Reverend John Harris and Budd W. Schulberg, has led in organizing student groups who raise money and supplies and make weekly trips to the strike area. President Ernest Martin Hopkins and the administration of the College have adhered to the liberal tradition and have refused to interfere with the activities of these groups, despite pressure from reactionaries, superpatriots and the ominously named Minute Men. The Dartmouth groups have been aided by students and faculty members from Bennington, Skidmore and other colleges, and by a national committee composed of a notable group of writers and progressive leaders including Sinclair Lewis, Archibald MacLeish, Congressmen Lundeen and Marcantonio, Rockwell Kent, Genevieve Taggard, Josephine Herbst, Isobel Walker Soule, Professor Tredwell Smith and James Waterman Wise.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD R. G. TUGWELL LEWIS MUMFORD
JONATHAN MITCHELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Time of Peace Prepare for Peace[1]

HAVING before us the scenes described by the Nye committee, what should be the policy of the United States government in respect of the future? In those scenes we see powerful economic and political personalities seeking to avoid one domestic crisis after another by extending credits and loans to the Allies. At last in the presence of the third and major crisis the President of the United States avoided an immediate domestic crash by leading the country into war. Thus the smash was postponed for about ten years. It took place in 1929.

Similar conditions are still present. American industry, agriculture and banking "need business." They need it badly. For years they have been feverishly searching for more foreign markets. We are in the presence of a domestic distress far greater than that of 1914. Similar economic pressures are here; similar leaders are here, eager and willing to channel them into profitable transactions. The munitions business and allied enterprises are humming and have facilities for more output. The American people, at least those who have jobs, are following the pursuits of peace as in 1914-17. European powers are heaping their armaments mountain high and once more tremble on the verge of a war. These appear to be facts in the present scene.

Should the United States government follow the policy pursued in 1914-17—permit and encourage selling freely to belligerents, extending credits to them, making loans to them, and to neutrals engaged in selling to belligerents? Or should some new policy be formulated now, before the passions of acquisition are running full blast? If there is to be a new policy, what form should it take?

Policy Is a Plan Tendered, Not a Q.E.D.—A few plain words should be said at the outset. There is nothing in any set of known facts that dictates policy. Facts do not command anyone to do anything. At best facts merely tell us what may be done or must be done, *if* it is deemed desirable to seek some end or objective.

The choice of an end is an act of human will, ethical either in intention or implications, or both. When an individual chooses an end or goal, he takes a position, asserts a good (or evil). A position taken is a position taken. Its truth, or validity, or merit cannot be *proved*. A policy is a value asserted, not a proposition that can be demonstrated in itself. It is good only to those who accept it as good.

In the matter of the issue before us, the proposition here advanced is simply this: "The government of the United States should take measures calculated to prevent our being drawn or driven into any war in Europe or the Orient."

Respecting this proposition, many positions may be taken by people of intelligence and virtue. It will be useful at this time to review some of these positions.

1. The first position is that the proposition itself is not good, that in certain circumstances good may accrue to the people of the United States and the world from American participation in a war in Europe or the Orient, and that no steps should be taken in advance to prevent it.

2. A second position is that man is an ignorant creature in long-run matters of prognosis, and that the pursuit of immediate interests is as safe a guide as any long-range policy likely to be more or less speculative in nature.

3. A third position is that the proposition rests on the false assumption that mankind can control its own destiny and has no warrant in our knowledge of the past conduct of mankind.

4. Here the position is taken that the proposition is good and that something can be done by the government of the United States to accomplish the end posited. Only those who accept this much need consider the paragraphs that follow.

And what is anyone doing who is advancing and pressing this proposition? Horrible as the thought may be for simple minds, it is a fact that such a policy, indeed every large public policy, is *an interpretation of all history*—past, in the making, and to be made. A policy is something deemed desirable and it is pressed (presumably) in the belief that it may be realized in law, and effected in the arrangements of human life. Those who sponsor it make an interpretation of the past facts on which it rests; they assume that it is *possible* to translate the policy into law; and amid the bewildering variables of human affairs they "calculate" that the ends desired *can* and *will* be attained. The path of history is strewn with the wrecks of human policies, designs, aspirations and resolves.

But those who agree that the government of the United States should seek to avoid war differ fundamentally about the means to be chosen. Those who are dogmatic about the business seem to be sure as Almighty God that they *know* the means to be *chosen* to accomplish the end; and they are equally sure that their opponents in the matter of means are all wrong.

This spirit is admirably expressed by Professor Frederick L. Schuman (The Nation, February 12, 1936) [illegible] he says that the pending neutrality

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and one part criminal ignorance of diplomatic and economic realities."

Those who are not dogmatic about the business recognize that they are dealing with probabilities, not certainties. They do not call their opponents on the issue of means lunatics, stupids and criminal ignoramuses. They invite interested parties to remember that they are engaged in the hazardous business of interpreting history and trying to calculate the probabilities of the unknown future. That is a delicate business for any person who, as Mr. Justice Holmes once remarked, does not imagine himself to be God.

Three means are proposed for keeping the United States out of war in Europe and the Orient. They deserve consideration.

Neutral Rights Shot to Pieces by War.—The first involves three lines of action: assert neutral rights, insist upon them, and preserve neutrality. This seems to be the position taken by Professor John Bassett Moore, Senator Hiram Johnson and other prominent leaders in affairs. Incidentally, but not to their discredit, munitions makers, bankers and other pushers of foreign trade support this conception of policy to be pursued.

My objections to this proposal are three in number. The technology of warfare as displayed in the World War and elaborated since that war has shot historic neutral rights into a thousand pieces. If anyone doubts that proposition, let him try to make a list of contraband goods and non-contraband goods in the light of practice between 1914 and 1918. To insist upon the maintenance of those historic rights without efforts to enforce them would be an empty gesture. To enforce them would call for war on the part of the government of the United States. In the third place it was insistence on the right to sell and lend to belligerents and neutrals (engaged in selling to belligerents) that entangled American economic interests in the fate of the World War and brought the country to the necessity of accepting a domestic crash or entering the War. According to my interpretation of history, then, insistence on neutral rights increases the probabilities of entanglement in any war that breaks out in Europe or Asia.

League of Nations Dominated by Imperialist Powers.—A second proposal for keeping out of war comes from those who believe in the League of Nations or at least American coöperation with the League powers in efforts to keep peace. They hold that it is impossible for the United States to stay out of war if it comes. They have an interpretation of history to support their belief. At the outset representatives of this school opposed legislation laying an embargo on credits, loans and sales to belligerents and neutrals. Finding this opposition futile, they then concentrated their forces on preventing the mandatory features of the embargo. They sure of our ability to know it when we see it and to make it prevail. Yet I am

Department by giving them discretionary power to marshal the economic forces of the United States "on the side of peace"; that is, in effect, on the side of the League powers or the managing powers of the League in all efforts to maintain the *status quo* in Europe, Africa and Asia against disturbers.

One view, stated baldly, holds that the United States, in the interest of democracy and humanity, should sustain Great Britain, France and Russia against the fascism and despotism of Germany, Italy and Japan. It is a case, once more, of "saving civilization," as some of us thought and honestly believed in 1914.

My objections to "leaving it to the President and State Department" to throw the weight of the country on one side or the other in every pending quarrel in Europe rest upon my interpretation of history. It may be that my ignorance of "diplomatic and economic realities" is abysmal, but I hope that it is not "criminal," as Professor Schuman would have it. At least I have given some attention to the subject.

If I read correctly available diplomatic documents and papers, among the weighty influences behind the World War was the rivalry of the imperialist powers over trade and territory. The several Great Powers were pursuing that line of "national interest." The Secret Treaties and the Treaty of Versailles seem to me to reveal their fundamental motives in preparing for the World War and in carrying it on. I do not say that all can be reduced to economic motives. That would be oversimplification. But I do hold that the imperialist rivalry for trade and territory was among the weighty motives in pre-war diplomacy and in the War itself.

Now I may be displaying "lunacy" and "stupidity," to use Professor Schuman's formulas, but it does not seem to me that the League of Nations has changed the old imperialist rivalry in any fundamental respect. The Great Powers of Europe and Asia, whether in or out of the League, are pursuing their "national interests" in the good old way behind the scene, and are employing League methods when convenient. The only exception is Russia, and I do not pretend to know the intentions of the Russian government. It seems inclined to stay at home and attend to its own business of socialism in one country, but appearances may be deceptive.

Now it is my thought that the people of the United States have been badly burned trying to right historic wrongs in Europe, to promote democracy there and to act as mediator in European quarrels. And it is my theory of probabilities that we shall be badly burned again if we keep on insisting that it is our obligation to do good in Europe. That assumes that we know "good" when we see it, and that we can make it prevail in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and elsewhere. I am not

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble lies in the fact that greed, lust and ambition in Europe and Asia do not seem to be confined to Italy, Germany and Japan; nor does good seem to be monopolized by Great Britain, France and Russia.

Nor do I trust the omniscience of the President and the State Department. Probably they would not exactly claim it in a pinch. The grounds for my distrust lie in many things we know now about the doings of John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Lansing, E. M. House and others once engaged in exercising discretionary authority behind closed doors. One has only to examine Theodore Roosevelt's private treaty with Japan, the ease with which John Hay swallowed the conception of "the Open Door" formulated in British interests, and the record of Wilson and House on the Secret Treaties to acquire at least a faint suspicion of presidential and diplomatic omniscience.

Imperialism as a "Capitalist Racket."—A great deal depends also on the way in which one views American economy and opportunity. In my opinion the United States has the setting for a continental power. For a time Admiral Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge and Albert J. Beveridge were bent on making us an imperialist sea power. They plunged the government into the competition of European and Asiatic imperialisms. They thought that they had "grown up" and ought to make America a big nation, in the British sense—shoving and pushing trade, sticking American noses into every imperialist quarrel and rattling the symbols of American "greatness" everywhere. To business men and farmers they offered "outlets for their surpluses," and for a time they seemed to be on the way to glory. But now the corroding acid of doubt and skepticism has eaten away the old confidence in finding "outlets for surpluses" by the pursuit of that policy. There are many people in the United States who think with General Smedley Butler that imperialism of the Hay-Roosevelt-Mahan type is just a "plain capitalist racket," which the army and navy of the United States ought not to serve at all.

It is my desire to see that "racket" abandoned. I do not think it "pays." It has not worked; for evidence look at the plight and surpluses of industry and agriculture, forty years after the game was started. It is not in keeping with my conception of national grandeur, welfare and virtue.

Tilling Our Own Garden.—Having rejected the imperialist "racket" and entertaining doubts about our ability to make peace and goodness prevail in Europe and Asia, I think that we should concentrate our attention on tilling our own garden. It is a big garden and a good garden, though horribly managed and trampled by our greedy folly. Tilling all due respect to the enterprise and virtues of capitalism, I never regarded that "system" as sacred, unchanging and unchangeable. I should certainly prefer any changes that may be required in it to the frightful prospects of American participation in a war in Europe or Asia.

Although it seems banal to some learned economists, I am appalled by the sight of slums, unemployed millions, poverty and degradation on the one side and the immense productive potentials of agriculture and industry in America. I believe it to be the supreme duty of American intelligence to devise ways and means for using most of our "surpluses" at home. It seems to me a good thing to do in itself. I do not see how these alleged "surpluses" can be sold abroad in war or peace. I hear a lot of talk about "lowering trade barriers," but I have seen no demonstration that it can be done or would work if done. Hence I would effect fundamental changes in domestic economy that would diminish the frightful pressure for selling goods abroad to belligerents and neutrals.

If it is a matter of greed, then I prefer following the long-term conception rather than the short-term conception of greed. But the issue is larger than any mere greedy theory of life. It seems to me that a nation engaged in tilling its own garden and refraining from shoving its selling agents and navy into the faces of possible buyers everywhere might set a noteworthy example to mankind. That may be "lunacy" and "stupidity" too, but it is respectfully submitted for consideration by those to whom it appeals.

Neutrality Legislation May Help Educate the Nation.—In view of the foregoing, I support mandatory neutrality—an embargo on the sale of munitions and the extension of credits to belligerents, and a restriction of sales to neutrals engaged in reselling to belligerents. In the light of our experience in 1914-18, we should be giving away most of the stuff sold to belligerents, and (homicidal as it seems to my great and good master John Bassett Moore) I prefer to give the goods to starving Americans rather than to fighting Europeans. I should put other limitations upon intercourse with belligerents and neutrals in war zones. I should make them all mandatory.

They will be difficult to enforce—at least some of them. But perhaps enough of them can be so enforced as to prevent the bankers and politicians from guiding the nation into calamity as in 1914-17. At all events, there would not be the opportunity for the kind of backstairs dealing and manipulating that we had in those fateful years.

Most important of all, in my opinion, would be the educative effect of such a statute. The country has learned something about the lines of policy that lead to war. Thousands of citizens are aware of the way in which bankers put up to Wilson the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be perpetual reminders of history. The background of the economic game and greed involved would be etched into law. In the future bankers would have to go to Congress more or less openly, instead of slipping around to the State Department or the Metropolitan Club to deliver their ultimata and hear what they are "entitled" to hear. To my simple democratic mind this seems a better way.

But action by the government of the United States would not thus be stopped. It might so happen that participation by the United States in the next or following war would be desirable "in the national interest" or for some great good. If so, the case could be discussed openly and decided openly on its merits by the Congress of the United States, as advised by the President and State Department openly. If we go to war, let us go to war for some grand national and human advantage openly discussed and deliberately arrived at, and not to bail out farmers, bankers and capitalists or to save politicians from the pain of dealing with a domestic crisis by offering the immediate escape of war into a greater post-war calamity.

With awareness of the uncertainty, tragedy and sadness of things, respectfully submitted.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Candidate Knox: Editor and Soldier

NEWSPAPER publishers have cocked an eye at the White House before. Their ranks have produced some extraordinary presidential nominees. For one example, take old Horace Greeley, who lost; for another, Warren G. Harding, who sadly won. Now Frank Knox of The Chicago Daily News is gamely pegging away at the Republican nomination. Because of his early start his chances are rated as good, though he was not widely known until recently.

But Frank Knox is no political greenhorn: he has been backstage at plenty of conventions, and knows all the tricks. He needs no Mark Hanna or Harry Daugherty to tutor him—he has seen some of the canniest of them in action, has worked with and against them. He can control his own campaign and at the same time give camera men a good American face that will not displease the electorate. One of the best proofs of his strategic ability is the way in which he came into the glare as a possible candidate.

A year and a half ago no one was thinking of him as the man to lead the Republicans out of the wilderness—if at that time Knox himself felt the presidential itching in his hatband, he kept it a secret. When the Knox boom suddenly began and his friends tried to push him forward, he showed just the proper amount of reticence, then, at exactly the right moment, he stepped up and quietly took charge. The Knox boom began late in 1934, after his pamphlet denouncing the European dictatorships had caused many Republicans to see him as a party Hope. They were further impressed by his speeches and editorials strafing the New Deal, and by his ability to coax funds for the Republican purse. His name became a rallying point for the G.O.P. after the autumn elections of 1934 had left the party almost dying on its feet. Frank Knox became one of the outstanding symbols of the regeneration of the Republicans—they waxed newly strong as his modest campaign began to gain momentum. By spread support. One of the most important units backing him is the Knox for President Campaign Committee, headed by a former national commander of the American Legion, Edward A. Hayes. If Knox wins the nomination, he will be the Legion's first presidential candidate.

Frank Knox made a great record in the World War. Since his New Hampshire paper had raged at Woodrow Wilson for being too proud to fight, Knox felt bound to enlist when America at last declared war. He enlisted as a private at the age of forty-three, but wound up as a major of field artillery and would have been a lieutenant-colonel had the final saving of democracy been held off for a few more weeks. Knox had also taken part in the fracas with Spain, as a Rough Rider. When that war broke out he had been working his way through a small college in Michigan by spading up gardens—good symbolic preparation for a reforming editor! As a Rough Rider he became a worshiper of the first Roosevelt, who is still his hero.

After the Spanish trouble Knox returned to Michigan, where his father was a grocer, and got a job as cub reporter on The Grand Rapids Herald. Another cub reporter who went to work on that paper on the same day as Knox was Arthur H. Vandenberg, who may be a friendly rival for the nomination next summer. Knox later became half-owner of a paper in northern Michigan, where he became known as a crusading editor who could use his fists when he had to. At this time he had his first real political training under Chase S. Osborn, one of the most famous Governors in Michigan's history. In 1912 Knox removed to New Hampshire, where he eventually became half-owner of The Manchester Union and Leader. He was planning to retire in 1927 when William Randolph Hearst came along and tried to cajole him into reviving two flagging Hearst papers in Knox's native city of Boston. Knox held back—not with the kittenish reluctance some journalists might conceivably

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he wanted to retire. To kill the deal he asked a preposterous salary. He surprisingly got it, and with the ability he has always shown he pumped life into the feeble papers and soon was appointed general manager of all the Hearst dailies. In 1931 he resigned, again intending to retire.

He was about as capable of retiring as was his idol Roosevelt: when he heard that The Chicago Daily News was for sale he put in his bid. The Daily News was regarded as a "public institution" and was not easy to purchase. But Knox was so highly recommended that the committee of upstage Chicago business men in charge of negotiations had to let him in, and now he blows his pipe-smoke through their haughtiest clubs. So much for the success story: it is another of those bright American biographies full of color and geography and action. And William Franklin Knox at sixty-two is himself its corollary. The look of energy and shrewdness is just what you would expect, the heartiness, the manner of the successful business man, the brisk gestures, even the pipe. Those who work for him call him a swell guy.

But what about Knox as a politician? His political enthusiasms are really pre-war. He has lately come to admire Wilson for his attitude towards business, and of course there is always Knox's worship of the first Roosevelt to be reckoned with. It was partly due to Knox's brave goadings that Roosevelt decided to steal the nomination from Taft in 1912: during a visit to Oyster Bay, Knox saw that his hero was choosing not to run, so he out-Theodored Roosevelt by exploding, "Why Colonel, this is the first time I ever saw you show a yellow streak!" Knox was chairman of the credentials committee at the Bull Moose convention, and was among those who stood weeping while singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" after Roosevelt was nominated. In 1920 he fought for another old Rough Rider when he was floor manager for General Wood at that Chicago convention which was worth a lifetime of political experience to those who attended. Knox tasted personal defeat four years later when he sought the nomination for the governorship of New Hampshire and was beaten in the primaries by John C. Winant. There is a story that Knox believes he lost because he refused to spend more than the state's law permitted him to use in his campaign, although his friends urged him to.

In the present campaign he also has urgent friends: some of them have been censured for their zeal in soliciting business men for campaign funds for use of the Republican Party in Illinois. The Republican State Committee has called this unauthorized and has angrily demanded that the funds be handed over. Meanwhile, two formerly prominent Republicans have crept out of shady retirement to climb aboard the Knox band wagon—Fred Lundin and Len Small. Lundin, the self-styled "boor Senator William Lorimer, is trying to reorganize the Republican strength in Cook County. Lundin is not doing this without encouragement from Knox, for whom Lundin has a good word. Lundin is an old hand at playing king-maker: he used to whisper in Big Bill Thompson's ear that the White House lay just ahead.

But more damaging than any possible association with Lundin is Knox's recent friendliness towards Len Small, whose ambition to become Governor of Illinois for the third time was in large part blasted by The Daily News in 1932. Small's political career has too gamy an odor for even The Chicago Tribune. But last year Small, who intends to try again for the gubernatorial nomination in the coming Republican primaries, began boosting Knox. The publisher paid him a voluntary call at his home in Kankakee, and old grudges were tacitly forgotten. Knox said afterwards that he had not necessarily promised to support Small in the impending campaign, but merely paid him a courtesy call. It is understatement to say that under the circumstances the call was certainly peculiar. Small has since announced his candidacy, and at this writing The Daily News has not yet attacked him: it is hard to imagine what Small has done since his enforced retirement to make him less undesirable. And it is said that Knox is astute enough politically not to snub influential Cook County Republicans who are affiliated with the cohorts of Al Capone. If Knox does nothing else he may help solidify the Republican Party in Illinois.

Since he has no executive record as a politician, his record as an editor and his current speeches become of first importance in judging his possibilities. As an editor, he has been highly reactionary, though he has sufficient fairness to keep Victor Lawson's great old News from sinking to the level of The Tribune or Hearst's two Chicago papers. Yet he has just enough of the Hearstian outlook and catchwords to spoil The Daily News. Long before Al Smith's thwarted spirit made its famous appeal to popular prejudice at the Liberty League dinner, Knox was a communist-alarmist about the New Deal. The News has been crying out for more than a year that the present administration promotes class hatred, and there are editorial scoldings for "Tovarisch Tugwell" and his crew of dastardly Muscovites. Knox is perfectly sincere in all this. He stands for everything that Mencken and Lewis kidded the country about in the last decade. And the Red scare of 1919 still burns his heart. Only the other day he spoke with great earnestness to a congress of Republican women from different parts of the Middle West, and told them that the New Deal's ultimate aim is to destroy the home and family.

As to actual platform, Knox has said and written several things lately that have in them the seeds of a program. His most frequent war cry is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Republican nomination: he wants a balanced budget. Like Father Townsend and all the politicians who have promised chickens for dinner pails and cars for garages, he has his nostrum and is not above making prophetic statements—if we would merely balance the budget, he says, and go back to the gold standard whether Europe liked it or not, the confidence of business men would be restored and "a demand for goods of every description would arise sufficient to provide jobs for all, and thus swiftly make unnecessary the continuation of huge expenditures for relief." But the radical experiments must stop. "Reasonably accurate calculations indicate a pent-up demand of not less than twenty billion dollars for new equipment, machinery and goods of every description—a demand which could not be satisfied in less than several years. This would give wages to workingmen anxious to work. . . . It would bring about precisely the kind of recovery in which the American people are . . . interested."

Knox believes that the battleground of the next election will be in the Mississippi Valley, so he has plenty of plans for the farmers. He wants to protect them by putting high tariffs on foreign food products and by creation of an export bounty that would guarantee each farmer the benefit of a domestic price for his product. He admits that this would have to depend upon a form of subsidy, but he thinks this very necessary: the farmer must be given a break, since our industrial employees are so well taken care of (!). He called the A.A.A. a "goose-step to the tune played by the bureaucrats in Washington." He plans to help the farmers by having chemists turn agricultural surplus into industrial by-products, on a national scale. He mentions the new $5,000,000 plant in Detroit which will make beans into plastic automobile parts, and he points out the possibilities of Southern slash pine as material for pulp and paper; of cotton-membrane mesh for reinforcing certain types of road; of native hemp for ropes and carpets; of Jerusalem artichokes as a source for the levulose, which can be made into cheap industrial alcohol. "What the engineering profession has contributed to American prosperity during the first quarter of this century, the chemist will duplicate in the next quarter of a century." All this is going to sound big to the farmers, though a good deal of the "remedy" is already in process and is in any case automatic. But Knox has as many statistics for the farmers as the Townsend Plan leaders have for the old people.

Knox is axiomatically a nationalist: and he is of course opposed to all world courts and leagues of nations. Basically, he believes in the competitive system, with the Big Stick as a corrective of the boys who get too naughty. He will doubtless produce other platform points later, and like those already mentioned they will probably show him as no great original social thinker. That he is a skilled operator of the present economic machinery is undeniable, but th[illegible] something more than that, even if at present they want nothing more than a vote-getter around whom they can build a Great-Man myth. Whether they can produce a man who can lead a dazed people and their own suspect party out of the wilderness is highly questionable. Frank Knox would like to have a try. It is perhaps noble for a competent citizen to attempt the task of Joshua, but if he is going to reach Jericho he will need something more than a band of brass trumpets.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

This is the third of a series of articles discussing possible Republican presidential nominees.—THE EDITORS.

Erosion: The Nemesis of Soil

THE NEW agricultural law signed by the President a few days ago is based upon the necessity of conserving America's farm resources. The daily press, which is now so overwhelmingly opposed to President Roosevelt, has strongly suggested that this law is not really needed, but is just an excuse for continuing the A.A.A. payments in another form. What are the facts? Is our land in real danger?

As to the most important aspect of waste, erosion, there is plenty of solid, scientific information available: "The very land is dying. Measured by man's brief generations it is losing forever its ability to produce food." Thus tersely, and with cold deliberation, do the authors of that remarkable document, the Report of the Mississippi Valley Committee, summarize the appalling loss through man-induced erosion of this country's grossly overrated soil resources. To which we may add certain equally concise and authoritative statements by Mr. Hugh H. Bennett, Director of the United States Soil Conservation Service:

> We have impoverished and destroyed our agricultural lands probably faster than any other nation or race, civilized or barbaric, in all the history of the world. . . . Unrestrained erosion is rapidly building a new public domain in America—an empire of impoverished and worn-out land, land stripped of its rich surface covering or gullied beyond the possibility of practical reclamation. The cost to the farmers and ranchers of the country amounts to not less than $400,000,000 annually. . . . Erosion every year steals from our fields and pastures twenty times as much plant food as is removed by crops [thus further contributing to what Mr. Bennett describes as] the ominous eventuality of becoming the world's most outstanding nation in subsoil farming, which means, of course, submarginal farming, with all its attendant evils of poverty, undernourishment, declining social and economic values and a hopeless outlook upon life.[1]

What this means in plain figures may be briefly indicated. Of the billion and a half acres of non-

[1] Consult the following publications by Mr. Bennett: "The Rela-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arid agricultural land in the United States, over one billion acres—about two-thirds—are now definitely affected by accelerated or man-induced erosion. That is to say, they are steadily losing, before the combined attacks of wind and water, the priceless six to twelve-inch layer of topsoil which has been thousands of years in the making and which was one of the glories of this continent before the white man brought to it the blessings of civilization and an "advanced" agriculture. This topsoil is being washed into the oceans at the stupendous rate of three billion tons a year, of which some 400,000,000 tons are contributed by the super-soil areas of the Mississippi drainage basin. In terms of plant-food material this wastage may be estimated—on the basis of Mr. Bennett's 1928 figures—at not less than 126,000,000 *tons* a year: an amount of soil nourishment that could not be replaced by artificial fertilizers at a cost much below $4,000,000,000 annually. Huge additional quantities of soil never find their way to the oceans at all, but are deposited in sterile layers over the countryside (300,000,000 tons were blown away by the wind storm of May 11, 1934), or as sediment in the beds of rivers and reservoirs, which are thus gradually silting up, adding to flood hazards and seriously impairing the usefulness of dams attached to hydro-electric power plants.

On balance, the soil problem of the United States today comes to something like this (all figures are strictly official): Wind and water erosion have "essentially destroyed" more than 50,000,000 acres of formerly cultivable land—an area considerably larger than the state of Iowa and equivalent to more than 300,000 farms of 160 acres each. To this permanently blighted region we are adding at the rate of some 100,000 acres annually. Virtually all the productive topsoil is gone from another 100,000,000 acres; severe wind erosion (which has already destroyed more than 4,000,000 acres) definitely menaces an area larger than the state of Minnesota; and severe gullying is under way on 337,000,000 acres. Briefly, of the total area surveyed (close to two billion acres), approximately one-fifth is either irreclaimable or in imminent danger of becoming so.

To this problem the Soil Conservation Service is now devoting all its energies. Confronted by the task of saving from destruction about 700,000,000 acres on which erosion has not yet proceeded too far, Mr. Bennett and his experts hope to get somewhere by the following program:

Work on forty erosion-control projects totaling about 40,000,000 acres, for which the Emergency Administration of Public Works has granted the tragically inadequate sum of $14,000,000: 27 cents an acre for reclamation work, much of which has been estimated by Mr. Bennett himself to cost anywhere from $7,500 to $10,000 an acre! Early in August, however, the Federal Works Relief authorized additional outlays of $27,500,000, to be expended in similar work covering 94 more demonstration projects with a total area of some 3,000,000 acres. The full program to date, therefore, is: 43,000,000 acres of soil-erosion projects, covered by total appropriations of $41,500,000—or less than $1 an acre for a land-rehabilitation program involving about six percent of the area that is still definitely worth saving. Furthermore, of the total, 35,700,000 acres are on federally owned land, including 16,000,000 acres on the Navajo Indian Reservation, a vital part of the Boulder Dam watershed. Work on privately owned land (comprising some 4,000,000 acres of "demonstration projects" and about 30,000 farms) is designed to educate individual farmers in the technique of erosion control. Five-year "coöperative agreements" are to be drawn up between farmers and the government, obligating the former to contribute a good part of the cost of reclaiming their land: to date some 10,000 such agreements have been signed, covering the not very impressive figure of 1,338,844 acres.

A year ago Mr. Bennett reported before the House Subcommittee on the progress of the soil-conservation program as above outlined. We learn that of the area set aside for reclamation, only 761,399 acres were actually under treatment, and that treatment had been completed on 417,738 acres: three-tenths of one percent of the non-arid land of the United States. In other words, for every 18 of the 715,000,000 acres worth saving, the New Deal has thus far offered one for eventual treatment; of this pitiable fraction one out of 52 acres has undergone any treatment at all, while only one out of 94 acres has actually been restored to something like usefulness. On the basis of sums already expended, the cost per acre averaged $18.50: assuming a low average acre-cost of $20, the government and the farmers would have to lay out $860,000,000 (considerably less than our 1936-37 "national defense" budget) merely to get started on the first 43,000,000 acres—of which less than ten percent could be touched with the funds now at the disposal of the Soil Conservation Service.

Mr. Bennett declares:

> If a foreign nation should invade the country and dynamite to a state of desolation 35,000,000 acres of the land, which we already have ruined, or any fraction of such an area, we probably would be highly incensed over such trespassing. That a process of nature has been the guilty party, . . . for some strange reason

---

30, 1934. "The Problem of Water and Soil Conservation"; Washington, 1935. Statement Presented Before Sub-Committee of House Committee on Public Lands; Washington, March 20, 1935. Reconnaissance Erosion Survey Data, 1934, revised to July 8; Washington. "Soil Conservation"; Washington, 1935. In collaboration with W. R. Chapline: "Soil Erosion, a National Menace"; Washington, Superintendent of Documents. 36 pages. 25 cents. United States Department of Agriculture: "Yearbook of Agriculture," 1935. 762 pages, illustrated; Washington, Superintendent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These processes of nature are definitely subject to human control—if we do not wait too long. Such control—the experts patiently insist—is possible only on a national, long-term basis. Meanwhile, the once fabulously rich soils of this continent are continuing to bleed their vitality away at rates ranging from 12 to 600 tons per acre each year.

HAROLD WARD.

Al Smith's Bunion Derby

WINTER was lingering in the lap of spring and Elmer Durkin was lingering by the hot stove in the rear of his news and nicotine den. In this work he was assisted by Chester A. Donner, the druggist, who did not want to go home either. They talked over the multitudinous troubles that beset their President and pretty soon they harked back to the Liberty League dinner and the historic threat of a great and good man to take a constitutional on the sidewalks of Philadelphia. The newsdealer flippantly referred to this athletic event as "Al Smith's Bunion Derby."

The pharmacist got in a word here.

"Just the same, Al said some true things about the way Roosevelt abandoned his platform."

"The forgotten mandate," Elmer chuckled. "He sure put the blast on Comrade Frank there, especially the part about cutting down expenses. Of course F. D. tried to go tightwad at first, but he couldn't seem to cure people of the bad habit of taking groceries with their meals."

"He couldn't let folks starve," the druggist admitted.

"I tuned in on that Belshazzar feast," said Elmer, "bringing my own lunch. Maybe it was the weather or something, but the show left me pretty chilly. When the Empire Stater pulled the home and mother stop I could almost hear the Twelve du Ponts sobbing into their giggle water, yet it was just a pain in my leathery neck. I guess I don't want my liberty saved by the gunpowder boys.

"In the last stanza Al trotted out the Red scare and these ancient ears turned a becoming shade of parlor pink. I mean calling the New Dealers Bolshies didn't listen so hot to an old Smith grad. From my ringside squat it sounded like Hearstification had set in.

"I thought it was pretty sour, but did that baby get a swell press! The G.O.Papers scraped off all the mud they chucked on him during the sockfest of 1928 and discovered that he was the Eighth Wonder of the World. Republicans began to dream sweet dreams of a big parade of grumpy Democrats ankling out of the party with Alfred the Great. Their thoughts went back to the painful days when T.R. and his Bull Moosiasts walked out on Taft. It was eight years before the G.O.P. could chisel back into the picture.

"The next thing that happened was the outing and games of th[illegible]

ciation and pleasure club. The Old Dealers played the Macon show for all it was worth multiplied by four. As a matter of fact, the party was nothing less than a flop. It was to be a great outpouring of Jeffersonians but no Jeffersonian of any importance outpoured. The attendance was skimpy and most of the customers were nearby crackers who blew in to hear Gene snap his galluses. Whoever coughed up the kale for that picnic was gypped.

"Huey Long would have made quite a pest of himself, but this busher hasn't got what it takes. He might get a ticket to the Philadelphia party but they'll chuck him out like Walter Johnson heaved that silver buck. If Al Smith goes out to take the air he'll probably see the Georgia Cracker-down resting peacefully on his left ear.

"The Washington dope peddlers say that Al's fan mail did not turn out to be so hot. Many parties took their pen in hand to ask how come he turned against an old buddy who used to plug Al for President at all hours of the day and night.

"Now Alfred has been picked to top the Tammany outfit at Philly and that's where the New Dealers might hear some bad news. Would the Tiger boys turn into walking delegates and leave the national ticket flat? That would be a big ache in Farley's shiny dome because he needs these city slickers to carry New York. Jim and Chief Dooling are not any too chummy because the Wigwam hasn't been getting its cut of the abundant life. Would they join the Alfred E. Smith Hoofers' Club?

"Not on past performances, they won't. They were as sore as boiled owls at Chicago when their hero got the bum's rush, but they showed that they could take it. In November they delivered their share of the gross.

"This Vandenberg, who is not running for the G.O.P. nomination but hopes it will sneak up from behind and bite him, opened bids for the right-wing Democrats the other day. If they will gang up with the Grand Rapids Party he will lay a plate for them at the White House table. The last I heard he'd got no answer to his ad.

"Up to now, the only Democrats who have kicked over the traces are has-beens; they are ex-this and ex-that. Not counting Talmadge, no statesman with a job has threatened to bolt. Right-wingers like Glass, Byrd and Tydings may crab Roosevelt's act but they don't make any cracks about beating it for the nearest exit. Democrats delight to bark and bite but try to pry them loose from a mess of spareribs and see what it gets you."

"Still, they went out on Bryan in the Free Silver days," said Mr. Donner, who is not so young as he used to be.

"Yes, the gold bugs threw a little party of their own but it didn't figure much in the grand finale."

Mr. Donner now gave an imitation of a man about to go home.

"I guess they do not choose to walk," he said. "They can't teach their old dogs new t[illegible]"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Pre-Convention Republican Campaign Prophecies —The Hilles-Roraback-Reed United Front —Is Borah a Miracle Man?

THE Republican pre-convention campaign has reached a point at which a few hesitant prophecies may be ventured. It seems probable that no candidate will have enough delegates at Cleveland next June to be nominated on the first ballot. Governor Landon is likely to be in the lead, with some two hundred votes. Senator Borah will stand second, with a hundred or more. The rest of the votes will be divided among a long list of minor candidates and favorite sons. The most noteworthy of these will be the two newspaper colonels, Knox and McCormick, Mr. Hoover, Senators Vandenberg and Dickinson and President Frank of the University of Wisconsin.

If this proves to be what happens, the balance of power again will lie with Mr. Hilles, Mr. Roraback and former Senator Reed, controlling as they do the delegates of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the Southern states. We shall thereupon see a repetition of the "smoke-filled-room" convention of 1920, at which Mr. Harding was chosen. The candidate is likely to be someone whose name has not yet been mentioned.

There are two possible threats to the supremacy of the Hilles-Roraback-Reed group. One is that they may not be able to control their own state organizations, which is what happened in 1928. In that year, former Secretary of the Treasury Mellon indulged in a long, restful nap after his train ride to Kansas City, and, while he was thus engaged, William S. Vare, his subordinate in the Pennsylvania delegation, proceeded to deliver the state's vote to Mr. Hoover. This gave Mr. Hoover the nomination, and Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hilles and Mr. Roraback were left looking very silly. At Cleveland, however, there will almost certainly be a bosses' united front.

The other threat is Senator Borah. But, while Mr. Borah has done surprisingly well since his candidacy was first announced, his chances are still very doubtful. The Eastern bosses and the Landon managers, between them, seem sure of directly controlling a majority of the delegates; probably the bosses will have about four hundred votes to add to Landon's two hundred. So long as these two groups remain allies against Mr. Borah, he cannot possibly be nominated. It may be taken for granted that the Hilles-Roraback-Reed syndicate will never, under any circumstances, come to terms with Borah. There is reason to think the Eastern bosses would prefer four more years of Mr. Roosevelt to a possible eight years of Mr. Borah.

The Landon managers are almost equally certain not to enter a deal with Borah. The only way in which a victory can be imagined for him would be through his winning away the individual members of the delegations controlled by the Hilles-Roraback-Reed faction, or by Landon. If, after the first few ballots, Borah could dramatically announce the capture of even twenty-five or thirty [illegible] from the big Eastern states or from acknowledged [illegible] of the convention might crack, and Borah be nominated in the whirlwind of excitement. Miracles have happened at conventions before. But probably nothing less than a miracle can help Borah.

Next to Ohio, the most critical primaries for him are likely to be those in Illinois and Nebraska. Illinois is preponderantly industrial, and his vote there should settle the disputed question of his popularity with urban workers. Because Chicago has a large, well organized Negro population, the vote ought also to show the extent of the Negroes' hostility to him for his stand on the anti-lynching bill. It is thought here that he may gain a few delegates in the farming counties of southern Illinois, where he was born, but that he will be easily defeated in the rest of the state. In Nebraska he will have to fight a powerful, well organized Landon group.

Mr. Borah has been bitterly disappointed by the refusal of his rivals to run against him in Ohio. Ohio is the one state east of the Mississippi in which he has support from local organizations. Former National Committeeman Mashke, former Cleveland City Manager Morgan and former Senator McCulloch are all enlisted in the Borah cause. Mr. Borah's candidacy, backed by these political experts, seems to have thrown Walter F. Brown, the present Ohio boss and Mr. Hoover's Postmaster General, into a high state of nervousness. At the beginning of the pre-convention campaign, it was understood that Mr. Brown wished to keep the Ohio delegation uninstructed, and, at an appropriate moment in the convention, turn it over to his old chief, Mr. Hoover. If that was Mr. Brown's intention, he has since completely abandoned it. After viewing Mr. Borah's preparations to invade the state, he fearfully dispatched emissaries to Governor Landon, pledging him full allegiance if only Mr. Landon would come to save him. Mr. Landon refused, apparently feeling if the situation was as desperate as Mr. Brown pictured it, he had better keep away. Mr. Brown then sent appeals to Colonel Knox and Senators Vandenberg and Dickinson, each of whom said no.

Mr. Borah correctly believes that this bashfulness on the part of his competitors is likely to rob him of some of the most effective publicity that he could have had. He expects to make one or two speeches in Ohio, but they will not attract a hundredth part of the attention that a debate between him and Governor Landon would have aroused.

It is not yet certain whether Mr. Borah will enter the California primary. He seems fairly sure of a majority of West Coast and Rocky Mountain states; if he were to add California to his list, it would be of minor political significance, except for the fact that Mr. Hoover lives there. Mr. Hoover's anti-New Deal speeches, despite their unaccustomed humor, have not gone over well, and if California is taken from him, he will be politically dead. It is no secret that Mr. Borah does not regard Mr. Hoover highly, and that Mr. Hoover has his own ideas about Mr. Borah. If these two aging politicians decide to mix it up, it will be a fight that you could probably sell tickets for.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Other People's Money

The Fable of the Tin King Who Turned to Pepper—Investors Get a Shellacking —Oh, to Be in England

IF AMERICA had any capacity for blushing, this would be an excellent moment for a nice red face. The occasion is an incident that has recently occurred in England and seems to indicate that there is some fundamental ethical difference between the business communities of the two nations.

There is a gentleman in London known to fame as John Henry Charles Ernest Howeson, director, of Halcot House, Bexley, Kent, and there is another gentleman by the name of Garabed Bishirgian, produce broker, of Park Lane. They were pretty big business men in London. In fact, Mr. Howeson was known as the Tin King. Just how his sovereign sway over tin was exercised I do not know, but his title as Tin King seems undisputed. Mr. Bishirgian was one of the most reputable brokers in the City, dealing both in shares and commodities. Apparently Mr. Howeson, like Alexander Selkirk, not content with being monarch of all the tin he could survey, yearned for other provinces and he decided some time last year to annex the province of shellac and what you might suppose to be, in trade, the equivalent of the Ethiopian province of pepper. In other words, he decided to corner the shellac and pepper markets. Mr. Bishirgian and some others became a part of the imperial adventure.

Apparently, if we are to trust His Lordship, who committed Mr. Howeson and Mr. Bishirgian to the gaoler, there is nothing wrong in cornering shellac or pepper or anything else in England, and thus far the gentlemen were upon legal ground.

They began, as many such adventurers in America begin, with two important assets—one, high respectability; the other, a flock of corporations. There is no point here in describing the manner in which they manipulated the shares of their various corporations, save to say that they had one corporation called Henrys. Howeson owned two-thirds and Bishirgian one-third. Another corporation was the Sumatra Jelutong Company, which bought the shares of Henrys and thus became the owner of Henrys. But Howeson and Bishirgian owned the shares of the Sumatra Jelutong Company. Sounds quite American, eh, what? Then there was Mr. Bishirgian's own company, James and Shakespeare, Ltd.

They began to corner the shellac market and got along pretty neatly with this job. I do not know with authority, but I have some reason to believe that cornering the shellac market had some relation to the hovering war clouds, shellac being an essential in the manufacture of shells. Thus the patriots began early. And, I might add, two or three of our own patriotic brokers rushed over to London and either got in on this little deal or fooled around with one of their own for the same patriotic purposes.

But the Tin King decided to invade the province of pepper immediately and accordingly began buying in large quantities. First, he and Mr. Bishirgian took 1,170 tons. They figured the world consumption was 12,000 tons, which is an amazing amount of pepper. But apparently the pepper trees of the world were raining pepper more heavily than the Tin King anticipated, and so, instead of 6,000 tons, he found himself committed to buy 9,000 tons and he then found himself in need of funds.

Now when big business men want funds, what is more natural than to go to the dear old public and get them? And so they decided to put out an issue of shares in the firm of James and Shakespeare, Ltd., enough to bring in £400,000 or something like $2,000,000. So they issued a prospectus setting forth the high respectability of James and Shakespeare, the high respectability of the directors, the interest of James and Shakespeare in Henrys and in Sumatra Jelutong. And without any apparent difficulty the money flowed into the corporation. When it did, they immediately used £275,000 of it to pay for part of their pepper commitments.

But they omitted one little thing. It is a little thing that financiers in America used to omit as a matter of course. They didn't mention that they were in this pepper pool, any more, let us say, than Goldman-Sachs mentioned that they were in the Frosted Foods deal. But where is the wrong? If the gentlemen made money, the stockholders would prosper. The stockholders were riding along with eminently respectable and astute financiers, a Tin King, a Shellac King, a prospective Pepper King. But somehow the invasion of pepper bogged down and the Tin King found himself up to the eyes in pepper, which hardly adds to the vision. The whole business went up in smoke and the gentlemen who had subscribed £400,000 to James and Shakespeare lost all the money.

Now in America this would be regarded as a perfectly normal misadventure. Nothing would ever be done about it. The companies would probably be reorganized and the misadventurous leaders put in charge of their assets. They would be subscribing to the Liberty League to promote the theory that the whole thing failed because of government interference in business in some mysterious way. Perhaps the Tin King would be invited to the Treasury as its adviser.

But in England the policeman nabbed these two gentlemen—Howeson and Bishirgian—and marched them before the police magistrate and charged them with issuing a corporation prospectus and collecting £400,000 on it and not telling the truth in the prospectus. They were lined up before Mr. Justice Atkinson at the Central Criminal Court, a jury listened to the evidence, found them guilty, and His Lordship sent Messrs. Howeson and Bishirgian to the common jail for twelve months.

Yet the offense which these men committed, a grave enough offense to be sure, was a trifling one compared with the outrageous raids upon the savings of the American people made by leading corporation executives, great bankers, trust-company directors and trust officers all over the United States. And it cannot truthfully be said that many of them have even so much as lost face as a result of their crimes.

We have, of course, an economic problem and a social problem and a political problem in America. But we have also a problem of civiliz[illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something Attempted, Also Done

EMPIRE-BUILDING seems to make capital stuff for motion pictures, whenever a director can keep from tripping over costumes, the unfamiliar, the absurdly epic, etc.; and more's the pity that the countries who can handle this sort of thing best are still empires themselves and therefore have to be justified. The Gaumont-British "Rhodes," however, is a film dealing with forces pretty much as they shaped up at the time—dimly realized, inexorably felt, serving best those shrewd and hardcase spirits who guessed and rode the wind of them. Its covering up is done by natural omission and a perfunctory scattering of titles; mostly it sticks to its business—the life of Cecil Rhodes as set out in Sarah Millin's biography.

The picture is guilty of double-dealing in some of its favorable lighting of Rhodes, and when it goes into the effect of all this imperialism on the Blacks it steps around like a high-class undertaker on a plush carpet. But there is a really tragic scene where the old chief, high above going back on his word even when he finally realizes what a word can be taken to mean, knows at last that he has sold his land and people down the river. And for comment on the Englishman's sacred burden there is the old Dutchman, the fine stolid ox, sitting there among his peaceful Boer farmers, mighty in his immobility and eloquent with monosyllables. "Murderers," he says, "there have always been thieves and murderers. But I will make no bargain with them"—and his voice seems to come up from the ground under his feet. As an "exposé" of imperialism the film would have to show the Dutchman's background as well (what after all was *he* doing there), and it would have to have a better mouthpiece than the lady novelist whom, though sympathetically drawn, you would have kicked out of the office yourself, if there had been work to do. But it is not an exposé, does not need to be. "Rhodes" stays on the surface, but this is a surface of great and stirring matters, enough to fill any one picture.

There is no special brilliance in the shaping and pacing of the thing as a movie. "Rhodes" progresses unevenly, runs through whole blocks of exposition at a standstill, shirks some duties with titles and makeshift transition shots, and ends in a ponderous fussiness (including the second-hand passions of a professional off-stage reader) where it would have been enough, and beautiful at that, simply to let the camera go up, through the dissolve on Rhodes's deathbed as used in the picture, to those high bare rocks where he is to be buried, and panorama slowly into the fade-out, looking from that hill off over the land. As it is, the outdoor photography in Africa—the plains, hills, mines, and such mob effects as the trek north, the attack of the Matabele—is the best of the production values, being handled by a separate director, Geoffrey Barkas. Berthold Viertel as the main director knew what his story and his actors were about, but shows awkwardness all through, as in speakers who crop up 1, 2, 3, in turn and deliver different sections of the same sentence. A string Hollywood producer were told that on the big-time in England they thought they could get rifles and machine guns out of a drunken snare-drummer and someone tearing old linen at the microphone, he would die laughing.

When everything is said, the best asset of this screen story is its cast, the people who carry it out. Walter Huston is in the main part, studying the character of such a strange man as Rhodes must have been to be what he was, making it tough and human, forfeiting flash for sustained fire. As the Boer President, Oscar Homalka is the outstanding character, unhurried, regal, impossible to budge him, but nevertheless a character part—by this spare business of a pipe, a great Bible, a terrible chin-whisker, a wife bustling with coffee through the stern house, you shall know him. It is one of the best parts I've seen, but still a special part, and the sort of thing that, if it had to stand alone in the center of a picture, could not have been played that way. Huston's role has the most severe demands, requiring that a man shall grow with his troubles and victories, and grow old, and win some more, and grow old, and lose—it has large range and little relief, and to give it life without falsity is a first-class achievement. Of the smaller parts, that of Ndanisa Kumalo, doing only a bit as King Lobengula, is charming for its natural mixture of dignity, naïveté and simple homeliness; and the rest are good troupers. It is the vivid sense of the lives of these people that bridges pictorial gaps, makes speed and fireworks unnecessary, and leaves you after the show—whatever its weaknesses as listed or overlooked here—with the feeling of something rather large attempted, something definitely done.

OTIS FERGUSON.

A COMMUNICATION

Neutrality: Economic and Diplomatic

SIR: Thank you for the opportunity of reading in proof Dr. Beard's third article on neutrality and the findings of the Senate munitions committee. My object in writing to The New Republic is not to record any disagreement with Dr. Beard, but to comment on the neutrality program from the narrow political focus of this present session of this particular Congress: of what actual legislation might have been passed had events been different, of what actual legislation may perhaps yet be passed.

The neutrality program of the munitions committee (or rather of the loose coalition that rallied to the munitions committee on this one point in its program) was not united even on Dr. Beard's fourth point—that it was possible for the United States to take measures to prevent itself being drawn into a European war. On this the two dominant groups in the coalition were essentially at odds. There was the sanctionist group, which saw in the power of the United States the great arbiter of the status quo of the world. The second group was distinctly isolationist, and though all its members did not clearly realize what Dr. Beard so accurately points out—that strict neutrality may require drastic overhauling of traditional capitalistic practice—many of them did realize this.

The compromise between the isolationists and the sanc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surrender of the administration, in the Pittman bill. The isolationists won a set of proposals that in effect would have shut all the seas to American ships in time of any major war. The sanctionists won undefined commodity export quotas, while the isolationists won the application of these quotas: mandatory and bilateral.

What the neutrality coalition lacked, however, was good political management. For months it had seen the growing public opinion in favor of neutrality showing itself unmistakably in the attitude of Senators and Representatives. Unfortunately, instead of using this sentiment to make more certain a minimum legislative program, the coalition fell into the error of using each increase in public favor to widen the scope of what it asked for. Rather naïvely it assumed that at the worst the administration would stand by its own proposal (the Pittman bill), forgetting that this bill was purely a defensive reaction against the strength of the coalition's proposals. Thus when the munitions committee suffered one defeat (not, as is commonly thought, Senator Nye's charge that Wilson falsified, but the quick retreat from battle that followed it), this one defeat was sufficient to collapse the whole overblown structure of the coalition's legislative proposals.

There is no use pretending that the advocates of strict legislative neutrality have not suffered defeat. The present law has been extended to May, 1937, but it is an inadequate measure. It forbids the shipment of actual arms and forbids loans to belligerents, but exempts credits (with no definition of the difference, which even Mr. Morgan found it difficult to make). At the moment we need not concern ourselves about what will happen when this Act expires, but the question remains whether anything further can be done in this present session of Congress.

If we want neutrality we do not, as Dr. Beard points out, want to play moral policeman for the world. Nor if we want neutrality do we want to use neutrality proposals as a weapon of attack on the system. The morality of war business and war profits need not concern us. The problem is not to prevent someone from making money out of a foreign war but to prevent such money-making from causing an irresistible boom in agriculture and industry, a war inflation that warps our diplomatic policy to the aid of the side we trade with. Our policy should allow —in fact encourage—the maximum war business compatible with national safety, and while that maximum is clearly far short of the relative volume of 1915 and 1916, it is a long way above zero.

There are some things that can still be done to limit the possibility of such economic entanglement as that of 1915-16, but it is hopeless to seek economic legislation so far-reaching that it will bar all belligerent trade. It could not be passed and would not survive if it were.

Furthermore, in strictly diplomatic questions there are unresolved situations capable of becoming in themselves a menace to neutrality. Contraband, which has been a nightmare to sections of the neutrality coalition, we may as well regard as a ghost of the past. Blockades in the future as in the last war will consider everything contraband, and there seems no reason not to accept this fact of history as gracefully as we can. Everything under an enemy flag or bound directly or indirectly for an enemy [illegible] or submarine strength. Perhaps, of course, we want to do

But this does not mean that we must resolve to fight the world for the maritime laws of 1812, nor on the other hand that we need throw up a Chinese Wall and refuse to trade with anyone. When the world becomes a world of blockade runners the wise course of national policy is to adjust ourselves to that fact. In effect we accepted some such doctrine toward both Germany and England in the War. Where the solution fell down with Germany was not the problem of blockade or contraband but the problem of submarine sinkings without warning—which was essentially the problem of the status of armed merchantmen.

Two essential points along these lines are not covered by the existing law and could, perhaps, even yet be added at the present session if the neutrality coalition were bent upon obtaining them and forgoing the pursuit of legislative chimeras: (1) a more comprehensive treatment of the problem of credits, and (2) the definition of the American attitude on the status of armed merchantmen.

The President already has in the emergency powers conferred upon him by Section 5 of the Trading with the Enemy Act, ample authority for dealing in any way with banking operations, and therefore with credits. All that is necessary is for Congress to declare a foreign war one of the emergencies that brings those powers into operation.

In regard to armed merchantmen the problem is more complicated, since this matter stands just where we left it in 1916: we recognize the right of an armed belligerent merchantman to sink a submarine but we do not recognize the right of the submarine to sink the armed merchantman without first searching her, that is—in practice—without first being sunk herself. In another war the same problem will probably occur with aircraft. One solution, which has the virtue of logical completeness and little else, is to declare that armed merchantmen are warships and may not enjoy the rights of merchantmen in our ports. The difficulty with this is that all belligerent merchant vessels are almost certain to be armed in another war. Can we afford to close our ports to them? Besides, some day we ourselves may wish to arm our own merchantmen. A compromise on this matter seems a practicable solution: we can hold that armed merchantmen are too dangerous to permit them to carry passengers (as we do now with vessels carrying high explosives or oil) and therefore forbid their clearing with passengers on board. We can also hold that Americans serving in their crews have placed themselves in the status of enlisted men in the armed forces of a belligerent: lawfully there but beyond the protection of the United States. In effect it would amount to saying that we will consider an armed merchantman a merchantman in port and a warship when she is at sea.

If this seems trifling and technical in the midst of great problems of economic involvement, it should be remembered that while economic involvement may be the underlying cause of war, there are other and quite different situations that lead up to the actual declaration. So long as our policy toward armed merchantmen remains as we left it in February, 1916, we make ourselves in effect the guarantor of the policy of whatever nation controls the surface of the seas, the eventual enemy of any power that relies on air or submarine strength. Perhaps, of course, we want to do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Planks for Peace

SIR: I think your readers will be interested in a project shortly to be launched by the National Peace Conference in coöperation with the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War. It is an effort to get down to basic realities in the issues that are facing our nation and the world at the present time. The cooperating organizations have agreed to promote discussion groups throughout the country, having as their purpose the drafting of a political platform for peace, realizing that the issues facing our country are affected by the central problem of war or peace. We believe that political platforms which do not recognize this relationship are useless. We are posing the issues to the citizens of the country, asking them what they would do if they were delegates to a political convention and had the job of writing a platform which, since it might base the action of the administration for the next four years, would determine the trend of national policies.

The plan envisages a kit of material that will be supplied for 50 cents and will contain background pamphlet material, a primer of procedure containing suggestions for the use of the material and instructions for discussion leaders, an analysis of national issues grouped under the five general heads of Economic Problems, Keeping out of Foreign Wars, National Defense, Peace in the Pacific and International Coöperation. The basic pamphlet, which will present a simple and clear analysis of these problems, is being published by the Foreign Policy Association. In addition to this pamphlet, there will be included other relating material, such as "America Must Act" by Francis B. Sayre, the Brookings Report by Harold J. Moulton and such other material as each promoting organization may care to include.

When the groups have drafted their platforms, they will be urged to send their planks back to the National Peace Conference, where a committee will tabulate the findings and make such constructive use of the information thus received as may be possible.

Anyone interested is invited to communicate with me at 1622 Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City.

MRS. FREDERIC BEGGS,
For the Conference on the
Cause and Cure of War.

New York City.

For the Child Labor Amendment

SIR: Under the chairmanship of Frank P. Walsh, a Catholic Citizen's Committee for Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment has been organized. The New York papers on February 17 carried an announcement of the Committee and its purpose, but most of them did not mention the names of any of those who had accepted membership in the group. I think your readers would be interested in knowing the caliber of those who have taken a stand with Mr. Walsh in favor of the Amendment, in an attempt to counteract the opposition expressed by many prominent Catholics. Among them are: the Reverend R. A. McGowan, assistant director, Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference; Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, former Commissioner of Health, New York City; Mr. James J. Hoey, Collector of Internal Revenue, New York City; George Meaney, president, New York State Federation of Labor, New York City; Professor Parker Thomas Moon, professor of International Relations, Columbia University; Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, professor of History, Columbia University; Jerome G. Kerwin, associate professor of Political Science, University of Chicago; Morton Downey, actor, New York City; Warden Lewis E. Lawes, Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, New York; Edward Keating, editor of Labor, former Representative from Colorado, Washington, D. C.; Jane M. Hoey, director of the Public Assistance Bureau, Social Security Board, Washington, D. C.; Joseph P. Ryan, president, International Longshoremen's Association and president of Central Trades and Labor Council; John Wanamaker, former Police Commissioner of New York City.

New York City. E. C. HERRON.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Huston Corbitt of Lake Wales, Florida, says that Florida needs a publication to represent liberal and radical opinion and thinks *there are enough like-minded persons in the state to support such* a periodical. . . . Two subscribers have written us that they are interested in forming discussion groups among liberal and progressive-minded persons in their communities. Mr. Kimber M. Spargo of 74 Bank Street, Bridgeton, New Jersey, asks that interested persons communicate with him direct. A reader in the vicinity of Englewood, New Jersey, asks persons in that neighborhood to write to The New Republic, who will forward the messages.

Eugene Jolas, editor of Transition, the only advance-guard publication that has continued to function, even though irregularly, through the years of the depression, announces that the magazine will resume regular appearance as a quarterly beginning with the issue of April 15, with editorial offices at Room 1222 RCA Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City. . . . Irving Haas is compiling an anthology of revolutionary poetry to be published by the Black Cat Press and will be glad to receive contributions, with return postage enclosed, sent to him at 581 Snediker Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. . . . A Coöperative Committee on Publications to promote the national sale and distribution of books and pamphlets on social reconstruction and peace has been formed by World Peaceways, Foreign Policy Association, Young Men's Christian Association, League for Industrial Democracy, World Peace Foundation, Basic Books, and the Book Group, with offices at 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

Reader's Digest has announced a prize contest for non-fiction articles by authors whose work has never been published in a national magazine of general interest. Five awards of $1,000 each are to be given articles of not more than 3,500 words, which should be sent to Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York, before May 1, 1936.

The Florida Transient Coördinating Committee, consisting of fifty-three members appointed by the Governor of the state, sends us a copy of its report recommending a new plan for transient relief in which the federal government would coöperate with the several states in taking care of needy, non-criminal transients. The committee recommends that the plan be adopted in all states and will be glad to send copies of its report to interested authorities who write to Henry Redkey, Executive Secretary, Exchange Building, Jacksonville, Florida.

What's on the Air?

Senator Robinson of Arkansas will speak on "Boondoggling and Budget Balancing." March 12, 8:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Secretary Wallace and others will discuss "Debits, Watered Stock and Speculative Land Values." March 14, 1:05 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Vernon Bartlett will discuss European happenings from London. March 15, 12:45 P. M., C.B.S.

Morris Cartwright will discuss adult education. March 18, 2:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Howard Lee McBain and others will discuss the Supreme Court and the Constitution at America's Town Meeting. March 19, 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

President Conant of Harvard speaks at a memorial meeting for former President Eliot. March 20, 10 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan on some outstanding discoveries in science. March 21, 10:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Pierre de Lanux on European Affairs, speaking from Paris. March 22, 12:45 P. M., C.B.S.

The times given above are all Eastern Standard. We should [illegible] from our readers as to whether they find these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Darlings, As It Were

Dear Old Darling, by George M. Cohan. Alvin Theatre, March 2, 1936.

IN THE program Mr. George Cohan describes himself as The American Stage Actor, and presents himself in A Comic Experience in two acts and five scenes, a piece of his own. In the program's Who's Who in the cast Mr. Cohan is enlisted as a song and dance man convinced that the world is a drama, steps and sidesteps, illusions and blackouts, joys and sorrows. In the auditorium of his skull he sits, we are told, as a spectator, and passes on the merits of the tragi-comedy called Life. He gets his fun by taking a hand at poetic insanity and insane poetry, pitting them against mankind. He has the good sense not to take himself too seriously and, better still, the humor not to take the theatre itself too seriously.

We are told too that there is no actual count of the many plays he has written, yet there is a record of fifty-one that bear his name. And there are thirty-one others for which he never took credit. Added to this, he has written more than a hundred vaudeville sketches and upwards of 350 songs, including complete scores for musical shows and the never-to-be-forgotten "Over There." As for "Dear Old Darling," it seems, he wrote this lark since the last World's Baseball Series, looking out of his window for the inspiration that came to him from the strange antics found in New York between midnight and dawn. Central Park at daybreak fascinates him; the empty benches and the leafless trees seem to speak his language, tell him plots and poetry. It's all stage to him. So the program says.

"Dear Old Darling" tells a sort of "Kind Lady" story. The good rich man has been followed here and there over Europe by a young thing protesting her devotion. We take it all in good faith—or I, in simplicity, did, for a whole act—while his fiancée widow, seeing telegrams and photograph inscriptions—renounces him forever (or until the last curtain). The second act discovers a nest of plotters, blackmailers, such hard people, in a hotel apartment. We can guess what we will, but, down there in our orchestra seats, cannot be certain—why should we? Things do go forward, however, and the hero is surrounded tighter and tighter with the iron ring of the plotters—stage iron—and it looks as if stage bribe money were going to be passed out. If the author had chosen so the suspense here would tighten. It might also sell tickets. But Mr. Cohan chooses to have it easier and more amiable. The upshot is that gradually we realize that stone walls do not a prison make; it is rather our reticences, respectabilities and anti-paganisms that make the prison within which our Cohan hero can be, and is, confined. And so matters work out, or along, and the police at length shrink life to what one wishes.

Mr. Cohan enacts this bit of "Kind Lady" incident with a cool, sweet poise that suggests a faith in one's being able to turn into a boy chorister at any moment one wills. This curious, engaging and rhythmic performance, a player with a small stature chopping along on high stage heels, a voice of no consequence, a mind of no aspect Henry James said that it was the effort of a mining distinction or genuine interest, comes [illegible]

things: first, his belief in his ultimate charm; second, his long perfected skill in expressing what is a combination of this charm and the scene's necessity. I myself feel very little of the charm, but I acknowledge what, partially at least, proceeds from its assurance or presupposition. We have no actor who plays with such repetitive fluency, easy precision and stage instinct. There is a constant sense of success rather than effort, and a feeling that, at any moment, the performance might burst into an aria of matinee idolatry. These are all stage qualities in Mr. Cohan, for me, at least, boring to think about when I am absent, but surprisingly convincing as I see them. He is our best actor, though I cannot seem to feel interested in the fact.

However all this may be, Mr. Cohan does give an amazing performance in a passable entertainment. In this player we have a unique sense of no elegance but of natural taste. He has, too, an extraordinary power of conveying a mental process; you can see this character in "Dear Old Darling" think, or rather see the progression and punctuation of his thoughts; and a part of his performance's wit is the amiability with which the player gets the shades of his meaning bitten in. Steadily, rhythmically, and not without homely wings, Mr. Cohan creates something slightly fantastic, pleasantly vain but light on its feet, emotionally secure, intact as to its conception, and in itself complete.

It is this sense of completeness, in a player far younger and less advanced in experience than Mr. Cohan, that marks Miss Margaret Douglass' performance in "Russet Mantle," the Lynn Riggs play at the Masque Theatre. The role itself is supposed to be a Louisville lady, mother of the heroine, and Miss Douglass plays it with an excellent accent, though only one of many to be heard in the South and not particularly characteristic of Louisville. It is the intact quality of Miss Douglass' performance that makes it so brilliant and such a success, the manner in which she makes the simplest line bear on the essence of the character with such intelligence and hilarity. One wonders if we have here in Miss Douglass' first Broadway performance the discovery of a real actress of comedy. Amidst the audience's howls of calm enjoyment, one hopes so.

Mr. Riggs's play is full of talent. Like, alas, so many latter-day plays in English, it breaks down in the serious speeches, or, at least, in the serious-poetic speeches given to the young roles. The effect becomes sententious and in a tone false to the remainder of the play. The problem here is beyond all brief discussion. It involves the question of how to keep your figures of speech both necessary and imagined—don't, for example, have a character talk about evil, or whatever it is, "coiling" at the bottom of something. When things like that are said, either the author is "writing," is off key, moonstruck with tosh, or else the character, talking like that, is a bore, quite negligible. "Russet Mantle," meanwhile, is full of corking motifs, good character inventions and much good writing, genuine speech rhythms outside the usual perfunctory theatre. Our country seems genuinely represented, even that proportion of our country that lies outside Times Square—of whose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Making of an Englishman

TWELVE days before his thirtieth birthday, Antony Lytton, Viscount Knebworth, died in an airplane crash as a result of his rigid obedience to military orders. The record of his fortunate life has been pieced together by his father, the Earl of Lytton, out of Antony's letters and his own memories. As the jacket tells us, it is "a picture of an ideal relationship between child and parent that will touch a deep chord in every reader's heart." Indeed, the deep chord is touched so often that you wonder whether the relationship was not too close to be ideal, too tender and perhaps too wisely understanding for the spiritual health of the son. But there are at least two reasons why "Antony"[1] is a book to be read with care.

In the first place, it records clearly and in detail the education of an English aristocrat. This is a long process not often understood by the people of other countries, who see only the finished and almost incredible results of it. For Antony Lytton it began shortly after his birth, on the day when he was christened at the Chapel Royal with King Edward and the Marquess of Salisbury as his two godfathers. Later, at the age of two, Antony himself played the part of a little king: dressed in ermine, with a tinsel crown, he was photographed on a sort of throne. He was learning to be admired, to appreciate his advantages in birth and breeding; but also he was learning to perform his duties. At Eton, which he entered at the age of thirteen, he had to fag for the older boys, he had to observe all sorts of complicated rules, and he had to continue playing games even when his tendons were bruised and his feet spiked and bleeding. Everywhere—from his father's affectionate letters, from his tutor and his masters, but especially from his schoolmates—he heard, he read, he sensed, he had beaten into him the sacred principles of the ruling caste, namely, to play the game always, to carry no tales, to be moderate in everything, even sport, to honor his mother (and mildly despise all other women), to be loyal to his school, his rank in society, his king. Everywhere he saw demonstrated the social advantages of conformity, and he learned to profit by them. "I think it is just the most wonderful thing in the world," he wrote, "what Eton means to Etonians."

Oxford did not add much to his social training, precisely because there was not much to be added. Still, he won boxing championships and managed to learn a good deal about modern history as a preparation for politics. In India, where his father was stationed as Governor of Bengal, he learned polo and pig-sticking and the joys of having a hundred native servants. In Switzerland he learned to ski well enough to take prizes. He played football, cricket, tennis; he danced, skated, swam, rowed, ran the hurdles, had all the accomplishments; he was admired, banqueted by his father's tenants and photographed everywhere. He was ready now for his career and it opened before him, conveniently. At twenty-six he became a director of the Army and Navy Stores; that meant he would never again have to worry about money.

But this mold into which the British pour their aristocrats is not a mold that fits the human temperament. Sooner or later the best of the aristocrats rebel, perhaps unconsciously, by developing eccentricities of belief or conduct. Thus, Antony in Parliament began to regard himself as a militarist and a fascist—quite conceivably as a future dictator who would be "the one to save England." And this is a second reason why his letters deserve to be read with care.

As a matter of fact, they contain one of the very few logical defenses of fascism that have ever been written. It is based primarily on the reality of the struggle between social classes—"The more I see of this political business," he wrote to his mother, "the more convinced I become that it *is* a class war." In this war, "the Labor people are bound to win" a temporary victory, but they can't hold on to the fruits of it because they are libertarians, and "no one gives a damn now for liberty."—"I think the whole doctrine of Liberalism which has pervaded and ruled the world since the Renaissance has been one ghastly futile blunder." There must be authority and discipline, there must be rule by force. "We"—that is, the British aristocracy—are better qualified to rule by force than the Socialists are, and therefore let "us" be prepared to fight for power. "I firmly believe," he told his father, "that the next twenty years are going to see the most stupendous upheaval in the history of the world, and that it will, as like as not, come down to physical strength. Hence, I thank God and you that I am not made with a club foot, and myself that I am learning to fly." In the meantime, the ruling classes ought to use all existing institutions to protect themselves from disaster. "We have organized religion, & we must support it, not because we love the Parson, or think the Ten Commandments the word of God, but just as we would support the King & the police & the Government, because they are our institutions."

Presented in this fashion, Antony's argument is logically coherent, is even a sort of inverted and upper-class Marxism. But on reading his letters more carefully, you discover that the logic is there chiefly to justify a bitter and unhealthy emotion that had begun to color his thought. He had begun to fear the final defeat of his own social class—"I think our day is done, because though we are trying hard now to build on logic there is too much logic the other way." Moreover, something seems to have happened in his personal life, to which these letters make no reference. He was obsessed simultaneously by thoughts of war and death (both of which seemed desirable) and by great longings for an orderly existence such as he had led at home and at Eton and never discovered again; his continual talk of "being happy" began to seem hysterical. And all these mingled emotions play some part in the last of his letters to his friend Windham Baldwin:

> . . . the trouble with me was the same. I have been lucky & rich & happy & prosperous, & have felt, as a boy, like a God. Then I have had no hemp, himp, homp like you, no clutch of circumstance, and I have gone bad; that's all. It would be nice to be saved by the R.C. Church and a priest. But with the other background it isn't possible. . . .
>
> Now I shan't write any more, but
> You are mostly right.
> We must certainly meet again soon.
> The war's the thing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Map of a New World

Soviet Communism: A New Civilization? by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols., 1,174 pages. $7.50.

IT WOULD be difficult to pick any scholars in the world better qualified to prepare an exhaustive report on the Soviet Union than Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Their great studies of the English labor movement—"The History of Trade Unionism" and "Industrial Democracy"—are so thorough and well considered that, even after all these years, there is nothing in their field to compare with them. As students of political science, particularly of the type that deals not merely with government as such but with all the institutions that make up a society, they are equally competent—witness their suggestive essay, "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain." As old Fabians, they are sympathetic with the world's development toward a new social order, and so are equipped to understand what a socialist state is all about. But they have never been violent partisans, either for communism or, like others in the western Social Democratic movement, against it.

Adherents of communism appear to regard it as a surprising and dramatic event that persons associated with a group often scornfully condemned in the past as mere reformers or "social fascists" should emerge from a study of the Soviet Union with so favorable and so monumental a work as this. That proves that these critics have never really understood the Webbs or others like them. They are primarily scientists, not of course without bias, because no human being lacks that, but with a bias which, as good scientists, they know and attempt to discount in looking at phenomena, and one which, as far as it determines the direction of their interest, prepares them to rejoice in the success of a workers' state. Those who believe that the Soviet Union is a great new civilization should not be surprised that Sidney and Beatrice Webb have so portrayed it, as any good scientist will, if the belief is well grounded.

I am willing to predict that this work will remain for many years as eminent in its field as its predecessors have remained in theirs. The labor that has gone into it is just as conscientious—it comprised two long visits to Russia, a study of all the relevant literature, and checking and rechecking. Furthermore, the view of the subject is global. Other works may be found that include more details in specific fields such as medicine or history, but this puts them all together, and yet does not scamp any one phase. There are, besides, enough details here for any but the specialist. Within its 1,174 pages every important question about the Soviet Union receives an answer. The job has been done once and for all; future work in the same temper will be required only because of the rapid development and changes in Russia. Even so, any future book must take this as a basing point.

Reading it from beginning to end is not easy; there is no journalistic attempt to thrill, shock or dramatize. One traces the carefully systematized picture. First, the complex government itself pyramided on local soviets. Then comes the organization of man as producer in the trade unions, the self-governing workshops, the individual producers, the collective and state farms, and so on. There follows the organization of man as consumer in the coöperatives, the state distributing organizations and the supply agencies of many other institutions. One learns about the vocation or [illegible] begins to emerge an architectural image like a Gothic cathedral, with its immense towering mass and its infinite elaboration of detail. So one reads on with heightened interest, prepared at last to understand with some roundness and a sense of proportion such subjects as how planning works, the bewildering variety of social services, education and cultural life, the popular participation in everything that goes on, the kind and degree of freedom that exists.

It is impossible in a review to convey to the reader the light that such a book brings, but it may be interesting to touch upon its judgments concerning some of the larger issues.

Is the Soviet Union a democracy or a dictatorship?—Stalin is not a personal dictator. "It is not in the constitutional structure, nor even in the working of the soviets and the ubiquitous representative system, that anything like autocracy or dictatorship is to be found, but rather in the activities that the constitution definitely authorizes the executive to exercise." As for the habitual action of the executive, "our own conclusion is that, if by autocracy or dictatorship is meant government without prior discussion and debate, either by public opinion or in private session, the government of the U.S.S.R. is, in that sense, actually less of an autocracy or a dictatorship than many a parliamentary Cabinet." But words like democracy and dictatorship don't quite apply to the situation. After all, this is a new civilization. The Webbs' final suggestion is that here is a "creedocracy" of a new kind, inspiring "a multiform democracy."

What about "regimentation" of the workers?—The trade unions are all-inclusive of industrial workers (except those grouped coöperatively for handicraft production). They are organized on an industrial basis. They decide, in negotiation with the governmental authorities, how much of the expected national income shall be devoted to capital purposes. They decide how much of the remaining wage fund shall be set aside for the highly important social services—which occupy a larger part of the budget than in any other country—and how much is to remain for consumers' goods. They administer social insurance and many other services. The cash-wage fund itself is allocated by collective bargaining—first setting basic minima for the various grades in the several industries, then setting piece rates and bonuses. No trade-union movement in any other country has so inclusive a membership, so much power and so much responsibility. Workers in individual factories cannot interfere directly with management, but they can protest, and disputes are settled by the factory "triangle," consisting of one representative of management, one of the union, and one of the Communist Party. Workers are free to follow any occupation they choose, or to take any job for which they are qualified—more free than in most countries, because of the shortage of labor. The unions do everything in their power to increase productivity, because the workers benefit; there is no danger of unemployment.

What group in the Soviet Union is least efficient?—Neither those in the high positions nor the industrial or farm workers, but the staff—those who in this country would be called the white-collar workers, or those engaged in distribution. Why? The authors venture several suggestions. This group contains a larger proportion of persons who were originally against the revolution. And Communists have tended to think there is something beneath their dignity in engaging in these occupations—a snobbery that has been rebuked by their leaders. The composition of the group led to arrests [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore played a part in injuring their morale that it has not played in other spheres. The outcome is deplorable, not only to those directly affected, but in general results. Efficiency of staff work is a *sine qua non* of success in a highly organized industrial society.

Is the Soviet system one that can operate only on a military basis; is everything uniform and centralized?—On the contrary, there are so many activities and there is so much popular participation in them that the authors continually emphasize what they call the "democratic multiformity" of the society. It is amazingly rich and complex in opportunity for all kinds of enterprise and individuality—barring only production or trade for private profit, and opposition to the essential principles of the system. There are, even in a single field like distribution, numerous methods of satisfying wants, which compete with one another in service and efficiency. There are opportunities to earn one's living, not merely by "working for the state" in one of its many different enterprises, but in coöperative employment and self-employment. Noteworthy also is the decentralization of administrative effort and responsibility, and the cultural autonomy of the various nationalities.

The Webbs show the extraordinary place that science occupies in the Soviet system—which is literally built upon science and encourages research as no other nation does. But they note one curious omission—the lack of extensive research in the social sciences. Much remains to be discovered about human behavior, and this is of the utmost importance to a workers' society. The lack, they believe, is traceable to what they call the "disease of orthodoxy," the dangerous tendency of Communists to believe that Marx, Engels and Lenin said the last words about human affairs, the habit of deciding policy, not on the basis of a continual reappraisal of the situation, but by citing texts. But Marx and Lenin themselves, in so far as they were scientists, recognized the scientific commonplace that every theory is a hypothesis subject to revision, that if it cannot stand the test of new facts, it is not worthy of credence. It is just as silly to speak of "Marxist economics," otherwise than as a description of a general point of view, as it is to talk of "Darwinist biology." Darwin's stature is not reduced by a continual modification and revision of his hypotheses. Communist authorities themselves are conscious of this disease, to which their rank and file seem peculiarly subject. A. I. Stetsky makes elaborate fun of such phrasemongering as he found in a Marxist treatise on the fishing industry: "Yet the swarm of fish in any ocean is ultimately not so much a dynamic object as a dynamic process in motion (to use philosophical language) in all its categories. It is in this that the dialectical clarity of the fishing industry is to be found." Most of the important faults that the authors find with Soviet policy may be traced to the undiscerning literalness of the orthodoxy disease.

Finally, Sidney and Beatrice Webb conclude that the Soviet system is not merely a new government or a new economic order, but a new civilization, "a synthesis that can properly be considered a new way of living, distinct from that pursued by other civilized societies." They believe that it will endure and expect it to spread—"But how, when, where, with what modifications, and whether through violent revolution or by peaceful penetration, or even conscious imitation, are questions we cannot answer."

In a touching preface, the authors raise the question, "Why did two aged mortals, both nearing their ninth decade, undertake a work of such magnitude?" They were retired and secure both in reputation and in provision for world to gain—a new subject to investigate; a fresh circle of acquaintances with whom to discuss entirely new topics, and above all a daily joint occupation, in intimate companionship, to interest, amuse and even excite us in the last stage of life's journey." The reviewer must in justice add that it was an arduous and gallant endeavor, carried through with high honor. Sidney and Beatrice Webb put to shame millions of those who, though decades their juniors, have already become fixed, careless, disconsolate or senile in their attitude toward life. GEORGE SOULE.

Yea-Sayer

Inhale & Exhale, by William Saroyan. New York: Random House. $2.50.

THE QUESTION before the house is this: Is William Saroyan any good; and if so, why? He has now published two books of so-called short stories, and you might think somebody would have a definite opinion about him one way or the other; but so far I haven't encountered it. Or rather, I haven't encountered it in print. The unofficial verdict of more than one reviewer has been that Saroyan is a pretty complete phony. Even his publishers content themselves with cautiously admitting that his career (so far) has been "meteoric" and that he has created "much discussion and controversy."

The fact is, Saroyan is bad news to the book-reporters. They know an out-and-out bad book when they see one; and, within the narrow limits of "publishable" stuff, they know a good one. But when something comes along that isn't really "publishable" and yet gets published, and what's more, very much published, they're apt to find themselves up a tree. A book like that, whether it's good or bad, can give them a lot of trouble; it can even show them up. It's obvious, for instance, that Saroyan is not what is called "a good writer"; people who smack their lips over good writing will never come within smacking distance of him. But it's equally obvious that what he's shouting about is not just his bumptious Armenian self but something vital. The rub comes in deciding whether he's a blasphemer or a buffoon. Or, perhaps, neither.

There was once a fellow named Walt Whitman. He billed himself as a poet, but the things he wrote were often not recognizably, not reviewably, poetry. He broke all the literary-club rules about making a scene in the reading room, and he would insist on shouting about himself at the top of his lungs. He had very bad taste, very little sense of form; he used words and ideas that were much too big for him; he ranted on like a drunken actor. He didn't seem to give a damn whether he made a fool of himself or not. He was fond of dragging in bastard words like "arriere" and "libertad" and "me imperturbe." A great deal of Whitman's writing was promissory, a great deal of it sheer brag. The professors have mummified him into a literary figure, but he was better than that. He could hardly write his name in their language; but he made his mark. William Saroyan is the same sort of fellow.

Saroyan's great discovery—which is an open secret, but to all intents and purposes observed by nobody—is that art is foolishness and artists are liars. "No one is reading the story of life, and no one is writing it." What they are doing is making up brilliant explanations which really fool nobody. Saroyan states his anti-literary case with violence, with exaggeration, with buffoonery. How else can such a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walking quietly in the company of madmen, his impulse is to dissociate himself from them violently. The case can be stated in another way—intellectually, precisely, in a still, small voice. In fact, it has been; but who listens? Saroyan's impulse is emotional: he wants to make himself heard, and he does. I suppose many if not most of those who listen hear nothing but a loud noise, but there are some who hear what the shouting is about. And to them there is something in Saroyan's cockeyed flamboyance that sounds more refreshingly natural than all the sound sense and artistry they have blinked at in half a lifetime.

Saroyan's stories are seldom simply stories: they are apt to turn into jeremiads or paeans or cachinnations or exhibitionistic caperings or poems with cuss-words. A great part of them seem to be directed at himself—with the door open. Parts of them are indistinguishable from small-boy boasting. This second book of his, with seventy-some of these "stories," abounds with poetic titles—"Laura, Immortal"; "The Gay & Melancholy Flux"; "World Wilderness of Time Lost"; "Yea & Amen"; "Taxi to Laughter & Life Unending"; "Prelude to an American Symphony." Because he almost always writes in the first person, he is accused of writing continuously about himself. To which he might reply, with Whitman: "I am large; I contain multitudes." He is always trying—though he does not always succeed—to get the multitudes up to the microphone. Sometimes he breaks off into a diatribe, as when he is writing about one of those old-fashioned movie comedies he saw as a boy, in which everybody throws pies at everybody else, and the whole thing ends up in a lunatic chase: ". . . but God Almighty it didn't seem funny to me and I sat in the darkness trying to laugh, but I kept thinking, Why are they wasting everything, why are they making all these mistakes, why is everybody so awkward and mean, what is the God damn meaning of this stuff?" Sometimes he preaches: "Brother, breathe deeply." Sometimes he talks about "the novel that must eventually be written. It will have to be about Ezra Pound and the editor of The Saturday Evening Post. It will have to be about everything." Sometimes he reminds himself of what he is trying to do: "Unless there is praying in a story it cannot be a story." Often he delivers himself of aphorisms of dubious truth or dubious importance: "Playing poker is a much better way to get to be a wise man than taking a correspondence course . . . I discovered this amazing truth, that nature is international. . . ." And sometimes he hits a note that Hans Andersen would have heard with delight, as in his story about the little whistle whose queer sound reminded the hearer of Nothing. ("In London I blew the whistle at the king's palace, and there will be no end of consequences.")

The book is well named. It is not nearly so much a book of stories as a book of breathing. To say that Saroyan is sometimes a blow-hard is to say nothing; for he draws many an honest and many a deep breath. It won't do to copy: it's not a book of breathing exercises any more than it's a model of literary calisthenics. These "stories" do not give a clear view of Saroyan's world, but they give glimpses of it, and from what I have seen I believe in its reality. Saroyan's world is not a mess but a chaos. It is not inhabited by members of lost generations nor by pilgrims night-foundered in a waste land nor by class-conscious proletarians nor by Laputan artists. Saroyan is not a Nay-sayer. In fact, he says Yea! in such a loud, glad voice that people can hardly make out whether he is cheering himself or making the great affirmation. I'll let you in on a secret: h[illegible]

Felicitous

Sophomores Abroad, by Charles Macomb Flandrau. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 209 pages. $2.

WE OWE this "droll little American antique," as the author engagingly explains, to the piety of a friend and the enterprise of an editor. In the first fine careless rapture of literary success with "Harvard Episodes" and "The Diary of a Freshman," Mr. Flandrau was solicited by The Saturday Evening Post to contribute a sequel to the latter. Mr. Flandrau obliged. The friend kept the numbers of the magazine containing the instalments and showed them to Mr. Rutger Jewett of the present publishing house. Mr. Flandrau was again solicited and again obliged, although, as he further and even more ingratiatingly explains, "unquestionably it is the performance of someone with whom I am no longer on intimate terms."

"Unquestionably" (his choice of adverbs invigorates his style), Mr. Flandrau intended to write a preface as long as the story—hardly story, "little lines of sportive tale run wild" would be a correct description. The reader will regret, as often in Mr. Flandrau's case, that he did not carry out his admirable intention. If this tale is a portrait of the author as a young man, the preface is a charming sketch of him in his maturity—if he will permit the word. He confesses to a great aversion to "that lamentable affliction of the aged known as mellowness. Indeed, if I had what, during the Great War, the Y.M.C.A. questionnaires referred to as 'prayer habits' I should each night of my life lay me down to sleep and pray the Lord to keep me from ever becoming mellow." The unspoken prayer has been answered, as this preface demonstrates. Mr. Flandrau recalls with gusto that "perfectly terrible, valuable and delightful old man," Adams Sherman Hill, who conducted his writing class at Harvard on the principle that "while he never actually discouraged his pupils from trying to become writers, he could not but feel that if from attending his class they did become discouraged, it was all for the best." He disposes of the flattering notion that a writer might have become great had he not bowed to the idols of the tribe and condescended to The Saturday Evening Post. Surely this is not mellow; it is hard-boiled.

Since in his preface Mr. Flandrau is reminiscent of Harvard in the nineties, of which "Harvard Episodes" remains a classic, it is a temptation to the present writer to fall into a like vein, the more so since he has the advantage over other reviewers of having known Mr. Flandrau's genius in its swaddling clothes, indeed, of having helped to put them on. In Mr. Flandrau's first sophomore theme in the autumn of '93, an account of a journey up the Nile, appeared the word "silhouetted." To a young instructor this seemed to call for submission to a higher authority, and the English department went into what would now be called a huddle, then a consultation. On the plea of the instructor that a little audacity on the part of a sophomore should be expected and permitted, the word was passed. In those days at Harvard every theme was recorded on a sheet divided into columns according to the analysis of style provided by Professor Barrett Wendell. Of this theme the instructor wrote with what he now thinks undue reserve: Words, sufficient; Sentences, adequate; Paragraphs, competent; Whole, good in conception and achievment (a slip that nearly brought a precocious pedagogic career to a premature close); Clearness, lucid; Force, strong in spots; Elegance, felicitous. The last word was and remains well cho-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Missionary's Wife

The Exile, by Pearl Buck. New York: The John Day Company-Reynal and Hitchcock. 315 pages. $2.50.

EVEN MORE than is usually the case, the title of Mrs. Buck's book sounds its keynote. It is the story of her mother, missionary's wife in China and exile from America. Longing always for home, Carie, the heroine, "made an American garden in the dark heart of a Chinese city" and taught her children to see America through the glamor of her nostalgia for it. When, on the first furlough, her daughters saw the real America, they experienced only one shock; it was to see white men loading trucks and handling baggage. Were even coolies over here white people, one of them asked in horror. "We don't have coolies," Carie replied laughing. "Everybody works over here and it's no disgrace to work with your hands." She had been born before the Civil War in what is now West Virginia; when she was a child all of her neighbors had been slaveholders, and the state to which she brought her children with these blithe assurances was soon to know the horror of Gauley Bridge. The romanticism that could honestly be oblivious to these facts accounts perhaps for some of the tragedy in this woman's life.

For her life was tragic, and tragic in a peculiarly futile fashion. A passionate girl with a strongly sensuous, pleasure-loving streak in her nature, she married, under a strange Puritan compulsion, an ascetic missionary whom she did not love. She went with him to China to live among people who always remained to her essentially alien. Here she did her gallant and vigorous best to share his work and carry on her own, unsustained either by love of him or by strong religious faith. Increasingly she knew doubt and dismay. She lost four of her seven children, who died, as did the little Chinese around them, from preventable diseases and lack of skilled medical care. Rebelling finally, she refused to accompany her husband again on his preaching trips to the interior and established herself and the surviving children in a comparatively healthy station. Here, always longing for home, she recreated it as far as she could in the alien environment, impressed on her children its remembered glories and was to them an enchanting and stimulating companion. Their austere missionary father they seem to have known and loved very little, while the translation of the New Testament that engrossed him came to seem to them "a well down which they lost the toys they longed for," and other small pleasures and comforts that the cost of its publication swallowed. Carie, too, felt this. In the end, dying in the foreign country with her longings for happiness unfulfilled, she turned completely away from her husband and his God. Once, listening to a record of "Oh rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him," she said "with a quiet and awful bitterness, 'Take that away. I have waited and patiently—for nothing.'"

There is tragedy here, even more than the tragedy of her mother that Mrs. Buck so fully realizes and poignantly communicates. Andrew and Carie lived their individual lives against the background—infinitely more tragic—of the life of the Chinese masses. These masses needed bread and got—as a result of all this suffering and sacrifices—the stone of Andrew's New Testament and a few vague glimpses of what Carie thought was America. Again and again in reading this book, I remembered the Soviet slogan, "Religion is the opium of the people."

MARTHA GRUENING.

Books for Readers and Writers

QUOTATIONS

A CYCLOPEDIA OF QUOTATIONS: The New Dictionary of Thought. Originally compiled by Tryon Edwards. Revised edition; 14,000 idioms, maxims, terms, etc. 780 pages. Frontispiece. ($10.00). Our price, $2.98, postpaid. Write for Catalog No. 268-NB. Union Library Association, 367-373 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, classic and modern, including recent American; 72,000 quotations. Indexed by author and key words, arranged by subject. 2,600p., best in field. $10. Dodd, Mead, 449 4th Ave., N.Y.

HOYT'S NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS, revised by Kate Louise Roberts. $7.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

READING AND WRITING

WRITE IT RIGHT. By Ambrose Bierce, America's foremost literary stylist. Hundreds of examples. $1, postpaid. Write for Catalog No. 268-NR. Union Library Association, 367-373 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

THE CRAFT OF FICTION, by Percy Lubbock. $2. Peter Smith, 347 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE WRITER'S ART, edited by Rolo Walter Brown. $2.50. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

WRITING FOR PROFIT, by Donald Wilhelm. $3.00. Whittlesey House, 330 West 42nd Street, New York.

ANTHOLOGIES

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LIGHT VERSE, Edited by Louis Kronenberger. No. 48 in the MODERN LIBRARY. 95c. Send for list of 286 titles, to: 20 E. 57 St., N. Y. City.

GREAT AMERICANS AS SEEN BY THE POETS, an anthology by Burton Stevenson. $3.50. J. P. Lippincott Co., Washington Sq., Phila.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Popular-priced edition. Write for full particulars. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

Note

This directory, published in the third issue of every month, is designed to advertise those Standard Works of Reference, Handbooks, Dictionaries, and Anthologies and such helps for readers and writers as will be of particular interest to the audience that The New Republic reaches. The books here presented have been carefully selected by the various publishers with the needs of the intelligent reader and practicing or developing writer especially in mind. The New Republic feels that in the monthly publication of this directory a real service will be performed for both its readers and the publishers. Because its content will vary from month to month, we suggest that you regularly check the listings for your immediate needs.

LITERARY HISTORY

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY; cloth, $2.50, leather $3.50. Descriptive list of the series on application to Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

GENERAL

THE FOREGROUND OF AMERICAN FICTION, by Harry Hartwick. $2.50. American Book Co., 88 Lexington Ave., New York.

DICTIONARIES

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG, by Maurice H. Wessen. $2.50. Over 15,000 terms, classified and indexed. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN PHRASES AND CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS. In Latin, French, Italian, Greek, German Spanish and Portuguese. Alphabetically arranged by topics. 532 pages ($4.50). Our price, $2.88, postpaid. Write for Catalog No. 268-NR. Union Library Association, 367-373 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

STANDARD DICTIONARY SERIES; NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY (Unabridged). The one great authority on words. Buckram, indexed. $18; sheep, indexed. $22. **PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY,** cloth. $5; Fabrikoid, $6; Full Leather, $7.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE, by E. C. Brewer. New edition, popular price. $3.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Washington Sq., Phila.

HANDBOOKS

INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES, by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. "Unquestionably the finest book of names—a treasure chest." $2.00. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DESK BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH, $1.50; **DESK BOOK OF 25,000 WORDS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED,** $2.50; **HOW TO USE ENGLISH,** $2.50; **HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH EFFECTIVELY,** $1.75; and **WORDS WE MISSPELL,** $1.50, by Frank H. Vizetelly. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK FOR READERS AND WRITERS, by Henrietta Gerwig. "A most important item in the equipment of writers." $3.50. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Avenue, New York.

POETRY AND PROSE

ENGLISH POETS: ROMANTIC, VICTORIAN AND LATER, by James Stephens, E. L. Beck and R. H. Snow, with Introduction by Stephens. $6. **ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS,** $3. **VICTORIAN AND LATER,** $4. American Book Co., 88 Lexington Ave., New York.

THE USE OF POETRY AND THE USE OF CRITICISM, by T. S. Eliot. $2.00. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Model for History

Deutschland und die Vereinigten Staaten in der Weltpolitik, by Alfred Vagts. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols., 2,052 pages. $16.

EVERY student of modern history should read these volumes. They are so full of information, so replete with wisdom, that they set a model for history. The author knows social and political theory; he has read unusual published material; and he has used unpublished sources in the German Foreign Office, the State Department of the United States, the Hamburg State Archives and in several private collections of papers. He combines social, economic, ideological, political and diplomatic history for explaining from every angle the relations between Germany and the United States during the period from 1890 to 1906. In fact, his view is so extensive and his material so rich that he brings other Powers and many related incidents outside strictly German-American relations into his narrative.

A few chapter headings will best illustrate the author's approach and scope: "The Dingley Tariff and the Bülow Tariff," "The 'American Danger,'" "German and American Capital Relations," "Germany and the United States in the Far East," "The Futility of Diplomatic Harmonization in Imperial Competition." The author's comparison of the character and social setting of imperialism in the two countries does more toward offering a method for clarifying the question of responsibility for the World War than any other work. If his example were followed by other historians, we would know our age as few if any are known.

EUGENE N. ANDERSON.

Books in Brief

The Wooden Pillow, by Carl Fallas. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

IF I WERE clerking in a bookstore, and I were asked to recommend a book, just any new entertaining novel, I would very likely pick up this nicely packaged one and say: "It's about how a young Englishman, Grier, fell mildly, Britishly in love with O Kaya San, a veritable little cherry-blossom of a girl. You'll like it if you liked 'Madame Butterfly.' It's as though Lafcadio Hearn and John Paris had collaborated on it and turned it over to James Hilton for revision. Well, Grier loves O Kaya San and leaves her, and she takes it all with quaint Japanese stoicism. Then there's Okada, the innkeeper, who makes ludicrous mistakes in English. Oh, no, it won't disturb you at all. Though the action presumably took place thirty years ago, and the country is called Japan, it's as though the author began, 'Once upon a time, in a never-never land. . . .' But get me straight—you'll learn all about the ludicrous customs of the Japanese." And I couldn't say much more to someone who didn't want to buy a book. The author has certainly done what he set out to do, and done it well. He has bitten off a very small assignment and chewed it gently, sincerely, to an even, innocuous pulp.

C. B.

The New Soviet Library, Volumes by Various Authors. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This series of books "is designed to fill the growing need for definite, accurate information concerning the Soviet

An important book that tells what others have left untold!

THE TRAGEDY OF
NIJINSKY
by ANATOLE BOURMAN and D. LYMAN

Written by the closest friend of Nijinsky in his student days this book is a fascinating revelation for anyone interested in either the man or the *Ballet Russe*. Bourman entered the Imperial Ballet school at the same time as Nijinsky and was for many years a member of the ballet company with him. The story he tells of Nijinsky's youthful ambitions and defeats, his brilliant rise to fame, his gay exploits with other students, the almost incredible ill-fortune which followed him from the first presents a new and delightful picture.
Illustrated. $3.00

2nd Printing Before Publication

WHITTLESEY HOUSE, McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y.

THEATRES

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
in association with Lee Ephraim
CALL IT A DAY
A Comedy by DODIE SMITH
with GLADYS COOPER *and* PHILIP MERIVALE
MOROSCO THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30
Matinees, Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30
Extra Matinee Wednesdays

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
END OF SUMMER
A Comedy by S. N. BEHRMAN
with INA CLAIRE *and* OSGOOD PERKINS
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. West of B'way. Evgs. 8:30.
Matinees, Thursday and Saturday at 2:30

"One of the most honest social dramas of our time."
BROOKS ATKINSON, *Times*.
LOVE ON THE DOLE
with WENDY HILLER
SHUBERT Thea. 44th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:45. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40. 55c to $2.20

BOOKS

POSTAGE FREE
Books of all publishers promptly mailed anywhere in the U.S.A.
NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
40 E. 49th St. New York N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social and artistic affairs. Each book has been written by a Soviet official carefully chosen and specially commissioned for the work." The volumes so far published include "Supply and Trade in the U.S.S.R.," "Foreign Trade in the U.S.S.R.," "Health Protection in the U.S.S.R.," "Science and Education in the U.S.S.R.," each volume consisting of about 175 pages with an introduction; these four are priced at $1.75 each. Another volume, of wider appeal ("The Soviet Theatre," by P. A. Markov), is illustrated with photographs and costs $2.25.

The Hurricane, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

"The Hurricane" is a characteristic Nordhoff and Hall collaboration, this time bringing out more emphatically what has been apparent all along, namely that the "Bounty" books are exciting for what the authors dig up to tell rather than for any special grace or power in the telling, in the planning and dramatic use of material. (Their method—following the facts straightforwardly, favoring the record over the creative imagination—made a very powerful book out of "Men Against the Sea.") Here the story of a fine strapping young Polynesian and his escape from prison at Tahiti, his secret welcome by his own people, is a build-up for the hurricane, historic in those parts, that practically wiped out the people of the Low Archipelago. The coral islands of the Tuamoto group stretched off over hundreds of miles, all lovely, all perilous and the same—a low dab of land, a lagoon, a white reef, and then the tremendous ocean, stretching everywhere and coming in from the west every hour, day and night. The book is best for its color, the familiarity Nordhoff and Hall have with the life of these people: the sun and sweet air and brown healthy bodies, the simple beliefs and excellences—above all, the overtones of this place, the mixture of eternal silence and the pervasive far thunder of the Pacific. But it is a long way from *papaya* and noddy terns to human tragedy and elemental terror, and the more this pedestrian prose falls short of the material it elects to deal with, the more it is a warning to any who might think to get for nothing some reflected interest of great doings, lest their people become mere names on a background, their typhoon no more than words, wind and so many million buckets of water. O. F.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD has been a lifelong student of American history, economics and international polity.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE was formerly a sports and feature writer on The Panama American. He attended Centre College, Rutgers, the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Chicago.

HAROLD WARD's article in this issue of The New Republic is the fourth of several articles summarizing and discussing important government publications.

LAWRENCE BROWN was financial assistant to the Senate Munitions Committee and in this capacity directed the Committee's inquiry into and hearings on wartime banking transactions.

T. S. MATTHEWS lives in Princeton, New Jersey. His second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," has just been published by the Seizin Press.

MARTHA GRUENING is an editor of Race, a quarterly devoted to social, economic and political equality.

EUGENE N. ANDERSON is a professor in the history department of the University of Chicago.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Carlton Brown and Otis Ferguson.

TRAVEL

TOURS to U. S. S. R.
Attractive Itineraries Low Prices
FOURTH RUSSIAN SEMINAR
RUSSIAN STUDY TOUR
MIDSUMMER SEMINAR
MODERN ARCHITECTURE TOUR
Experienced Leaders:
Professor George M. Day, Occidental College; Dr. Tredwell Smith, Dalton School; Professor Kenneth Conant, Harvard University.
BUREAU OF UNIV. TRAVEL
54 BOYD ST. NEWTON, MASS.

8 COUNTRIES
$242 and up to England, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, Germany, France (steamer & rail). RETURN TICKET. Good 2 yrs. Also 10 days Hotel, meals, sightseeing, etc., in U.S.S.R. Travel bargains to all parts of the world. GUSTAVE EISNER, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. CH 3-5080.

Soviet Forum Tour $445.00
July, August, 1936 via London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Russia, Warsaw, Berlin, Paris. Leadership staff includes Professor Jerome Davis of Yale, Dr. Lucy Textor of Vassar, Dr. Julius Hecker, Moscow, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana and Sterling Williams. Round table discussions with leaders of Soviet citizens.
Write for Booklet C
WILLIAM M. BARBER
BABSON PARK MASSACHUSETTS

SOCIAL INSURANCE

T. S. A. suggests an amendment to proposed tax on corporate surplus, providing exemption for any portion of such surplus set aside in an "Employees Security Fund" on the lines laid down in my brochure on the

MEETING

Myth and Reality in the Social Sciences, a lecture by BERNHARD J. STERN of Columbia University, under the auspices of the League of American Writers. Monday, March 16th, at 8:20, at Hotel Delano, 108 West 43rd Street. Admission, 35c.

SHARE APARTMENT

YOUNG WOMAN to share 3-room apartment, situated half block from Concourse 8th Avenue subway at Mosholu Parkway; near Bronx Park. Complete privacy and comfort. Every privilege and convenience. Address: Box 910, The New Republic.

NEWSPAPER

LA FOLLETTE'S
Great National Weekly Newspaper
"The Progressive"
Regular price $1.50 per year
Startling facts suppressed by other papers are being exposed now. Political corruption, advertised fakes which poison and plunder the consumers, how the public is humbugged by propaganda in newspapers: these are some of the sensational revelations appearing in the next 10 issues.
Special offer 10 weeks for 20 cts.
Open to new readers only
Send 20 cents today for the next 10 sensational issues. The Progressive, Dept. X, Madison, Wis.

BOOKS

Rational Living Library
Books by a Medical Doctor and Health Teacher. Just published No. 7: 10c.
SMOKING & COSMETICS
Other books: 1, *How Is Your Stomach?* 112 pp., 40c.—2, *Sex and Health*, 96 pp., 32 illus., 40c—3, *Sex Life and Marriage*, 64 pp., 20c.—4, *Pregnancy and Childbirth*, 63 pp., illus., 20c—5, *Mental Health*, 164 pp., 40c.— 6, *Shall We Eat Flesh?* 248 pp., 50c. (Send no stamps.) Quantity orders, 50% off. *Address* (Make checks and money-orders payable to): Rational Living, Box 4, Station M, New York

POSITIONS WANTED

DO YOU NEED AN EXPERIENCED WRITER, editor, reporter, publisher's assistant, research worker in economics and politics, or all five in combination? Then you'll be interested in my record and impressive testimony of employers as to my ability. Case history includes Washington correspondence and editorial work on a national weekly magazine. Now employed as sales promotion writer, editor, account executive dealing with America's richest electrical manufacturer. Successful in this job, but immune to sales promotion virus. Therefore, at 28 I'm ripe for change, anxious to learn more. Also, thinking less of income than of satisfaction in doing well work for which you need a man with intelligence (sharpened, rather than dulled, by university education), vigor tempered by sensitiveness, creative ability without "temperament." For complete details, please write Box 911, The New Republic.

WOMAN—48—capable, traveled, educated, children grown and independent, would like interesting work. Club or apt.-manager in a modern, forward looking undertaking or anything of interest—anywhere. Moderate salary. Address: Box 907, The New Republic.

ORANGES FOR SALE

SWEET, JUICY, sun-ripened on trees. Delivered express prepaid. $3.50 bushel. Grapefruit, $3.50. Mixed fruit, $3.50. A. H. Burket, Sebring, Florida.

TREE-RIPENED INDIAN RIVER
Oranges and Grapefruit
Direct from our grove to you
55 lb. Basket—Prepaid $3.25
Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed
Write for price list and folder
T. R. INDIAN RIVER ORANGE CO.
Cocoa, Fla.
Our 10th Year—Serving 8000 Customers

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

"I TRIED MANY CLUBS, but CONTACTS beats them all," writes a new member of CONTACTS, literary club for the mentally marooned. Established 1927. Over 1700 members enrolled. Members in every State and in many foreign countries. Not connected with Psychology magazine. Unusual books loaned free. Send 3c stamp for literature. CONTACTS, Box 91,

LICENSED TO MOBILECAST
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED